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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

M. DE BLOWITZ' NORMAN CHÂLET, NOTRE DAME DES LAMPOTTES

A LIFE STRUGGLE

THE TRAGIC PROGRESS AND DISAPPEARANCE OF MME. ELOA, WHO SUCCUMBED TO A PERSECUTION FROM WHICH NOT EVEN LEO XIII COULD RELIEVE HER

I AM GOING to publish one more narrative of a mysterious event in which I was involved now many years ago, an event which left upon me a profound and almost painful impression, the memory of which now and again arises to besiege and to darken with melancholy shadows my thoughts and imagination.

This memory once laid, I shall begin in these columns the publication of my more purely professional memoirs. I shall recount my early years, the elements of chance in my existence, and the unexpected circumstances which have made me now, during thirty-two years, a journalist whose name is sufficiently widespread, and arouses sufficient curiosity in the public, to justify my pretension in setting down my recollections.

But I have desired to preface my memoirs with these four preliminary articles revealing certain unknown incidents in which I have been mixed up, together with the *rôle* which I played in these adventures and the intimate bearing of these and similar events upon my journalistic activity; for these chapters, if they do not in themselves constitute "memoirs," yet belong to that class of incidents which a man who has taken part in them reveals to the public only when their revelation can in no way be disastrous. Moreover, when my readers shall have perused the following pages, and followed the whole history of this dramatic narrative, I shall be sufficiently well known to them for them to be able to follow attentively the consecutive chapters of my life, where I recount the difficulties I have had to overcome, my entrance into journalism, and the acts which, as a journalist, I have been able to accomplish, and which I should like to preserve in the memory of certain persons.

A journalist's life is so ephemeral, what he writes is so speedily swept away by the wind blowing at the moment, and the sheet on which he writes has so rarely time to dry before falling into oblivion, that the journalist who has reached the end of his career perceives, almost with fright, that nothing tangible and visible remains standing of the construction reared on the sand of a newspaper, and that if he wishes to live on, even for a passing moment, he must go back over his life's work and try to coördinate and construct it anew, so that it may assume the shape of an edifice and resist that forgetful indifference of his contemporaries under which, once he has quitted them, his memory lies buried.

In February, 1882 (for it was during the years following upon the Congress of Berlin that the most mysterious incidents in my career took place), I was living in the Avenue Marceau, then called the Avenue Josephine after the Empress, but which with the advent of the Republic changed both its sex and its name. One morning, while I was at work in my study, my servant announced to me that a lady, the bearer of a letter of introduction from the manager of the Times, wished to speak to me.

The manager of the Times was then Mr. John MacDonald, a Scotchman, a rigid Protestant, exceedingly simple in his habits, and by no means easily got at by the numerous persons who naturally besieged a man in his position. During the seven years in which he had been manager of the Times, as successor of Mr. Mowbray Morris, he had only once sent me a letter of introduction, namely, to introduce to me Mr. George Buckle, then on the Times staff, but now editor-in-chief of that paper. I realized instantly, therefore, and especially on learning that my visitor was a lady, that thus heralded she could not be the *première venue;* that, either because of her own merits or because of those of her sponsors to Mr. MacDonald, she must be a person of importance whom I was bound to receive with consideration. I ordered her to be ushered into the *salon,* as my writing-room was somewhat encumbered, and I went in to see her.

—FLUNG UPON THE AIR A HORRID CRY OF ANGER AND DESPAIR

On entering the drawing-room I found her seated in one corner in the shadow holding in her hand a letter bearing the stamp of the Times, which, rising, she immediately delivered. Mr. MacDonald's letter, as is the English way, was closed, for even in these details English and French customs differ. In France letters of introduction are left unsealed. French politeness requires that the person introduced should know in advance the terms in which he is presented. In England, where pure formalities have less importance than the real thing, a letter of introduction is sealed, so that the writer may be free to say only what he wishes to say, and not be obliged, for politeness' sake, to write what from conviction he would not be inclined to say.

Mr. MacDonald's letter introduced to me Madame Georgina Eloa, and informed me that Mr. MacDonald did not give me her family name, which she desired to keep secret. He earnestly insisted that I should do all in my power to satisfy the "bearer of these lines," her cause being most interesting and one to the success of which he should be most happy to contribute. He added that the lady herself would give me verbally all the information which I might wish to ask of her, and that, in obliging her, I should be rendering a service to persons dear to my manager while defending a cause worthy of my intervention.

Having taken cognizance of this letter I turned toward its bearer and asked her by what name I should address her. She replied that I must call her Madame Eloa, and added that she had something confidential to ask of me. I begged her accordingly to come into my working-room and she rose to follow me. Then for the first time I could examine her at my ease and I was forthwith struck by the strangeness of her person. Very tall, dressed in a dark gray robe of an extremely delicate stuff, with her mantle folded under her left arm, her figure seemed to be of an extreme

elegance. She had the supple and slender grace and the refined vigor of a huntress of the forest or the mountain. Her hands, carefully gloved, had an unmistakably aristocratic air; her neck, fairly vigorous, but somewhat long, remained flexible and graceful, and to crown all, an energetic but beautiful head, high-bred and melancholy, constituted an *ensemble* the rare beauty of which deeply impressed me. Her hair was more than dark, and slightly wavy, with a fine lustre as the sun shone upon it through the window of the room. Her brow was beautiful in its intelligence and energy, while her dark blue eyes seemed darker than they really were under the shadow of her long lashes. Her nose, proud, not to say high-born, was of a profile absolutely correct, and her mouth, a little large, but richly colored when she smiled—which was rare—displayed teeth which, if somewhat big, were dazzlingly white; while her cheeks, pale but warm and full, were slightly elongated toward a chin, the girlish and poetic outlines of which, in spite of the air of energy, gave to this physiognomy, in many respects so strange, an expression of infantile sweetness, softening and pacifying, as it were, this willful, proud, imperious and saddened feminine face.

The Strange Persecution of the Inconnue

I was struck by the majestic and imposing prestige attaching to her person, and by the aristocratic *finesse* which gave her a sort of royal air, and it was not without embarrassment, caused by the grandeur of her attitude, that I besought her to tell me what had brought her to see me. She took a seat, and in a voice sonorous and tender, and exceedingly flexible, but easily warming with passion, even becoming now and then somewhat hoarse and rough, she said:

"Ever since I have been able to think for myself and to reflect upon my own feelings and emotions I have been a prey to the strangest contradictions. I am twenty-three years old, and for ten years my mind and soul have been troubled and tormented by an unending struggle. I have surrendered myself to the most ardent religious faith, given myself up to untiring charity. I have dreamed of being a saint among the saints; I have traversed this world my eyes turned ever toward Heaven, yet never have I been able to find real peace of mind. I cannot tell you now how far I have gone, nor what means I have adopted, in order to secure that peace of soul of which I am forever in search and which forever flees my footsteps. I have remained virtuous, I have preserved my honor. I have obeyed my conscience and imposed silence upon my heart. I have accepted all the severities that have been ordered by my spiritual advisers, and I have wept my eyes out in order to conjure away the sorrows which are undermining me. I fancied I had found a refuge, but I had to abandon it, and I have been once more plunged into the whirlpool of life where I remain incapable of discovering the path which I should follow.

"In all this world there is but one being whose will could calm me, the sight of whom could have an effect upon me, whose words could bend my will: it is the Pope. I want him to hear me, to listen to me. He is the shepherd of our souls, for I am a Catholic and a Roman Catholic. He is the will that directs, the force that binds, the reason that guides, the voice that speaks; and what I ask you, for I know you can do it, is to get him to receive me, to hear me, to heal me.

"I have long been seeking how to attain this object. I have made inquiries and taken advice, and finally those interested in me, powerful persons, men able to realize their desires, have asked Mr. MacDonald to give me a letter to you, a letter as urgent as possible, and to beg you in my name to open up to me the road to the Vatican and the doors behind which Leo XIII listens patiently to those who come to appeal to those infallible consolations which he holds in reserve for suffering souls seeking the path of salvation and peace. I would not and cannot tell you more at present, and it is upon what I have said that I beg you to do what you can to realize my wishes, that the Holy Father may open up to me the treasures of his bounty.

"I am leaving for Rome to-morrow. I do not ask you to give me a letter of introduction. It might be confounded in spite of you with thousands of such letters addressed to the Holy Father.

"I ask you to do what you feel at liberty to do, so that I may obtain not the audience but the kind greeting which I need. From Monday next I will go every day to the post-office in Rome for the letter in which you will announce to me either the failure or success of your efforts, and either indicate that I must renounce my hopes or point out to me the course to be taken in order to realize them."

And without waiting for an answer she handed me a sheet of paper on which was written: "Georgina Eloa, Poste Restante, à Rome," made a low bow, and then, the figure proud and erect with the head slightly bent toward the ground, she prepared to cross the *salon* to take her leave.

I arrested her almost imperiously, for I felt that in quitting me thus, in leaving without waiting for my reply, she was giving me a sort of order.

"Do not hurry away, Madame," said I, "for I see absolutely no means at present of attaining the end which you have in view. I do not say that if you go to Rome you will find no way of being received by the Pope, who has a prodigious faculty for displaying almost superhuman force, but as far as I am concerned I cannot give you anything but a letter of introduction, and, however pressing it may be, it would no doubt remain barren of results, or at least meet the usual fate of all such letters, and thus, as it seems to me, disappoint all your hopes. But I am myself going to Rome within a few weeks. Here is the address of a friend of mine in the Eternal City. Call there from time to time in my name in order to learn if I am shortly expected or if I have arrived, and in case you have not already succeeded in your enterprise when I arrive, ask to see me and I will consider what can be done. And now, Madame, I have only to bid you God-speed."

She remained for a moment perfectly still, a prey, as was evident, to bitter disappointment. As always, my power had been exaggerated. She had fancied that a letter from me would suffice to banish all difficulties. She thought, also, perhaps, that it was merely my own will which stood in the way of the immediate realization of her desire. She gazed at me with a saddened eye, the nostrils swelling, ready to let escape some half-word from her imperious lips. But as she gazed she no doubt read on my face an expression of real sincerity, and even of regret at being unable to be of service. Instantly her features softened. The look of anger they had worn fell from them as a mask lifted by an invisible hand. Her extremely mobile features expressed painful regret; her eye drooped toward me with a touching expression of repentance and gratitude, and with a melancholy smile she said:

"I thank you very much, ah, yes, very much. I ask your pardon for the unjust movement which you surprised. I am going to leave for Rome. I will do what I can. If I succeed I shall not trouble your stay in the Eternal City. If not, I shall follow your orders and ask you to receive me."

Whereupon, with a sovereign grace, she bowed, not, however, offering her hand, and I escorted her to the door of my apartment.

A few days later I called on Monseigneur Di Rende, the then occupant of the Nunciature in Paris, at the entrance of the Avenue Bosquet. My visit to Rome had been planned some time before, but I did not care to go thither without meeting with the reception which I had at heart. I knew I should see King Humbert and the leading personages of his Government. But I did not want this meeting to prevent my obtaining from Leo XIII the kindly reception to which I aspired.

Monseigneur Di Rende had been for some time dealing with this problem, employing in my behalf a zeal corresponding to the sympathy which he always displayed toward me, and also because convinced that in preparing my visit to the Vatican he was serving the cause which he defended. Monseigneur Di Rende had succeeded Monseigneur Czaski, who had honored me with his friendship, and he knew through his predecessor that I had certain rights to his own good will. Monseigneur Di Rende, in the post which he had held now only since a very short time, had followed the policy of his predecessor—that is to say, instead of being a partisan of reactionary ideas in France, he had become the exponent to the French Government of Leo XIII's liberal policy.

He informed me that he had every reason to believe that he would settle the question of my journey to Rome in a way agreeable to me, and he announced that in all probability he would have a favorable reply before the end of March, so that I might prepare to quit Paris toward the end of the month, so as to arrive in Rome at about the fourth of April. And indeed on March 7 he sent for me to go to see him and gave me a letter for Cardinal Jacobini, with whom he had settled the question and who was ready to receive me.

The Famous Interview with Leo XIII

A few days later I left Paris with a friend who consented to be my secretary, and I reached Rome on April 4, 1882.

I went to a hotel in the Corso where rooms had been taken for me. On the morrow I learned that King Humbert would receive me on April 8, and on April 6, after having delivered Monseigneur Di Rende's letter, Cardinal Jacobini informed me that the Holy Father would receive me on April 10, at noon, in his private oratory, for an interview. On the same day, the sixth, my servant, who accompanied me, informed me that the lady I had received some weeks before in Paris was in the small waiting-room adjoining my *salon* and asked to see me.

The *salon* doors slowly opened and I beheld Madame Eloa. She was dressed in black. Her features were sad, almost as if in pain. Hardly had she taken a seat when she burst into tears. She told me that all she had done had proved in vain, that the persons to whom she had appealed had asked her to formulate with precision the object of the audience which she desired, and that when she demurred, one and all they had refused to act. She had then appealed to Sir Augustus Paget, but he had observed to her that he was accredited to the Quirinal and could in no way serve her at the Vatican. Thereupon she had come to me, supplicating me on her knees to intervene, since I was in Rome, and to obtain for her that gracious reply which I alone could obtain. She had written to Cardinal Jacobini, and naturally her letter, somewhat obscure, had gone without reply, and she dared not write to the Pope himself from fear that the letter, by passing under Cardinal Jacobini's eyes, might entail, as far as he was concerned, not his support but his relentless opposition.

I promised her I would do what I could and bade her come to see me on April 11—that is to say, on the morrow of my audience with the Pope.

On April 8 I had with King Humbert an interview which lasted during the life of two very big cigars. On the tenth, at noon, I found myself in the anteroom, waiting to be introduced into the presence of the Holy Father. With a graciousness by which I had been deeply moved, he had informed me that he had granted an audience to a foreign lady after mine, but that, as he did not wish to be hurried by this audience, he had inverted the *rôles*, and was to let the lady pass before me in order to be able to remain with me without being interrupted.

Twenty minutes later I entered Leo XIII's private oratory. Later, no doubt, I shall have occasion to speak of this interview which without having been recounted has remained famous; but after two hours' conversation, recalling my promise to Eloa, I submitted the ardent prayer of my *protégée* to the Universal Father of Catholics.

Hardly had I broached the subject when he interrupted me. "Yes," said he, "I know, without, however, possessing definite details, the case of the person of whom you speak. One of my bishops of Great Britain has spoken of her to me. I did not suppose that you could have occasion to speak to me about her, but, since you have done so, introduce her to the Cardinal, and tell him from me to arrange with her the day when I can receive her, and that he submit this arrangement to my approval."

I warmly thanked His Holiness, as I quitted him, on receiving his final benediction.

The Fair Penitent's Joy at Her Success

On the morrow, the eleventh, Eloa came to see me. This time she offered me her delicate, aristocratic hand, which was hot and feverish. She flung herself at my feet.

"If it is a refusal which you bring me prepare my reason to receive the blow. If it be the realization of my hopes, blessed be you in advance for the good you are to do me, for during the last few days I have been troubled with insomnia due to frightful dreams that torture me, and every mortal enemy of the peace of human souls in this world seems to have laid siege to my soul and to have entered into it to inflict upon it tortures for which there is no name."

With a word I reassured her: "The Pope will receive you."

I thought for an instant that she was about to faint; then, with a cry of joy which I shall never forget, and clasping her hands, she burst into tears, exclaiming:

"My God, my Saviour, my angel who protects me, blessed be Ye!"

She was as one transfigured. A supernatural calm hovered over her visage, and her beauty, made so to say divine, radiated all about her, filling the commonplace hotel drawing-room with an air of grandeur and solemnity which produced a real emotion upon me.

Two days later I guided her into the presence of Cardinal Jacobini by that straight, interminable staircase which climbed to the very uppermost floor where the Cardinal had his study. The Under-Secretary of State had received the Holy Father's orders. He listened to Eloa with paternal kindness, mingled with a sort of tender and indulgent pity. He settled with her the day when she was to be received by the Pope, and he was about to continue the conversation when the door of his study was pushed suddenly open, and I beheld, in the ray of sunlight which penetrated thither by the door now ajar, a priest of imposing aspect, in ecclesiastical robes cut out of some heavy silk stuff, the rigid folds of which fell in long, impressive lines. The dark hair crowning a powerful forehead which sheltered deep and sombre eyes, almost hard in their gaze and veritably shining in the midst of the face, made up a sudden and unexpected vision of an incontestable beauty.

The Cardinal rose with eager deference, introduced me and gave the name of Cardinal Ledochowski. Eloa fell on her knees almost in front of the Cardinal whose pastoral ring she kissed timidly and we went out together. She enlarged on the impression made upon her by Cardinal Ledochowski, and it seemed to me that her sympathies and admiration were much more directed toward the dignified priest than toward the amiable Cardinal Jacobini who had been so gracious and pleasant, and whose sympathetic but hardly imposing manner in no way corresponded to the ecclesiastical ideal which filled Eloa's imagination.

But she had attained her end. Her joy was immense, almost overwhelming. She was to be received by the Holy Father within a few days. She entered St. Peter's to pray. My own mission was accomplished. I bade her good-by, I left Rome for Naples, and I supposed that I should never again have occasion to see her.

A few weeks after my return to Paris, just when the memory of Eloa was beginning to fade out of my mind, I received the following letter from her:

I have had the immense joy of being received by the Holy Father, and the mere sight of him sufficed to induce in me a peace of mind and a calm which for a long time I had not known. I explained to His Holiness the cause of my suffering, of which he appeared already to have had some inkling;

and after what has taken place I am constrained to apprise you in turn of the object of my journey, of the nature of my struggle, and of my hopes and my defeats. You have carried delicacy so far as never to ask me what my object has been, and why I had wished to go to Rome, and it is of my own free will that I come to you now to tell you, for you must be informed in order to help me. Ever since my childhood I have been troubled with strange contradictions. I don't care to prolong my tale by relating to you my early years. But as soon as I entered upon the age of reason the struggle began in my soul between the highest good and the greatest evil, and I have been obliged to combat with the same ardor the invasion of evil when I was doing what was right as the empire of good when I felt drawn into sin. At the age of twenty, in order to escape from this battle, I entered a convent where the rigid discipline is a constant protection against human temptations. I remained there two years and was about to take definite vows when an act of startling revolt led the Superior to remove me from the convent. I was in such despair that she later took me back, but once again, just as I was to take my vows, my spirit of insubordination induced another outburst which frightened the entire Order, and I was once more excluded. Ever since then my soul has constantly been tempted to do evil. I am haunted by ideas of the greatest crimes, and I perceive clearly that my salvation or my destruction depends upon a final effort which will restore me to God or condemn me to Hell. Hence my visit to the Holy Father. I came to ask him to impose upon the Superiors of my Order a final effort in order to wrest my soul definitely from the haunting powers which torture and besiege it. The Holy Father had pity on me. He said that he would do what he could. He has done it, and I have just been informed that he had expressed to the Superiors of the Order his ardent desire to see a fresh novitiate imposed upon me. The reply was that I had already made two attempts and that it was utterly futile and impossible to grant me a third. And the Holy Father thereupon had me informed that his authority does not exceed the expression of a wish, and that he has neither the power nor the right nor the will to express an order. But I am told that there are exceptions to this rule, and that if an English Ambassador were to ask the Holy Father to do this for him as a personal favor he would be sure to obtain it. So, in presence of all the kindness you have shown me, I venture now to ask you to obtain the intercession of the British Ambassador in Paris who is a friend of yours. Have pity on me. Take pity on my soul, which otherwise is irremediably lost.

This letter both affected me deeply and irritated me. I had obtained for Eloa all that it was humanly possible to attain, and I began to look upon her as really a soul beyond all cure, haunted by visions to which she dared not confess and which troubled both her ambitions and her soul; and after long reflection I replied:

Madame: I am very grateful to the Holy Father for the kindness he has shown you, and the signal favor manifested toward you in taking into account your painful situation and in intervening for you with your Superiors. But I cannot possibly join you in insisting further with him, and the energetic, I venture to add almost indomitable, persistency which you employ in striving by main force to open sacred doors that have been closed to you proves to me that your Superiors and the Pope, better informed as to your character, know you better than you know yourself, and that the refusal opposed to your perseverance is the just and logical consequence of the intimate acquaintance which your Superiors have of you. See if you have not the courage to master yourself in the world, outside of convent walls. Make your novitiate all alone, and having accomplished it prove that you deserve other treatment as having within yourself the energy and spirit of submission requisite for such a change.

A single line was the reply to this letter: "My soul is irremediably lost." And thereupon all was still.

In the summer of 1881 I paid a visit to an old friend who was living at Les Petites Dalles, on the Norman coast. I was struck then by the exquisite grace of this little port as seen from the coast of St. Martin. It is quite one of those picturesque and poetic landscapes to be observed on the Côte d'Azur along the Corniche between Nice and San Remo. My friend, to whom I expressed my admiration for this little landscape, said to me:

"Why do you not build here a temporary refuge where you may find repose amidst the ceaseless agitations of your existence?"

We were promenading at the time in the single street of the village which leads from the valley to the beach. I looked up at the cliff on my left and said to my friend:

"If I can buy that little plateau there on the edge of the cliff with the clump of beeches behind it I will take it and build there my retreat."

My friend was delighted with the idea, and as I was leaving that very evening he promised to investigate the matter for me. I had not been back in Paris forty-eight hours when he informed me that the proprietor accepted my price.

In 1883 my little châtelet, called by the peasants Les Lampottes, because of the two small towers incrusted in the façade, was finished. I had only to settle down there. But between the two little *tourelles* or *lampottes*, as may be seen in the drawing of the Norman façade accompanying these pages, there was a large empty space under the sharp angle of the roof. I ought to say that this façade has obtained a great reputation among architects, and that not a season goes by without some of them visiting it as the type of a Norman façade. But I repeat that the angle between the *lampottes* and the summit of the roof was then empty, and this formed a veritable gap which it was a constant worry to me to see filled up. One afternoon at Rouen, in the courtyard of a dealer in antiquities, I was struck by the tender and artistic aspect of a statue of the Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms. The statue had been carved out of one immense half of the bole of an oak. I took the measurements of the statue, and as I had in my pocket the plan of my country house I noticed that this statue, including its pedestal, would exactly fit into the empty space of my Norman façade. The next day I asked the antiquary to sell me the statue.

"Oh," said he, "that is a statue of which I am very fond, for its harmony rests the eye, but I will gladly sell it to you. I bought it at the demolition of a nunnery demolished on the plea of public utility, but ever since I have had it it has taken away my peace of mind. It always seems to me that an infinitude of little sounds are buzzing about it by night. And I cannot succeed in keeping it recumbent; yet, upright, it annoys me. A dozen times I have sought to extend it on the ground, but on the morrow I found it upright without being able to explain how or why, and my wife, frightened by this phenomenon, begged me to get rid of it."

"Very well," said I with a smile, "as I want to place her upright against a wall she won't wish to change her position."

I had the Virgin transported in a hay cart directly from Rouen to Les Petites Dalles, and a week later the fisher-folk and peasants of Les Petites Dalles with their playful spirit had baptized my little château: Notre Dame des Lampottes.

It is the statue to be seen in the drawing herewith, silhouetted so appropriately against the background of the Norman façade.

—DESIRED HER NAME TO BE KEPT SECRET

In 1887, at about the beginning of August, I was seated on my terrace, in the radiant silence of the countryside. Only the regular respiration of the sea under the cliff troubled the spell, when a peasant belonging to the village approached me rapidly and lifting his hat said to me:

"There is a lady, sir, at the foot of the path, who begs you to come down to see her, for she is here only for a short time and cannot come up."

I seized my hat and stick and descended to the road where my unknown visitor was waiting for me. As I approached the open carriage stationed there in the ample shadow of a great tree I uttered a cry of surprise. It was Eloa. Her face was pale and worn, but the eyes burned with a feverish light. She wore an extremely elegant traveling dress, and an immense hat adorned with brilliant black ostrich feathers. On seeing me she uttered a sort of suppressed and raucous cry, but her movement was one of joy, which she explained by her delight at having found me again. I drew near.

"How is it you are here?" I asked, "and why did you not come up to my door?"

"I am here because I was told to go to you," she replied. "I didn't go up to see you because I perceived from a distance on your façade the statue of the Virgin whom at the nunnery we called the rigid Virgin, at whose feet so often I have worn my knees and my forehead, and because I do not care to enter a house over which she seems to watch."

"No, no. I entreat you," said I, "come up to the house. We will take the path by the other side if the sight of the rigid Virgin impresses you so deeply. You will spend several days here and the calm of my interior will bring you peace."

"Never, never. She has made me suffer too much. She has been too inflexible. She hates me. I will not sleep under the same roof with her."

I was filled with an immense pity. I felt that I was in the presence of a being utterly absorbed by an incurable ill, in whom reason had given way to imperious visions which had henceforth nothing whatever to do with logic or will.

"But why did you come up here?" I asked.

"Because I was directed to go to Eletôt with you and to take you as a witness in the meeting which is to take place there. I entreat you to get into the carriage with me and to guide me thither, for I do not know the road."

It is an hour's drive from Les Petites Dalles to Eletot. The road passes by Sassetot, leaving on one side Les Grandes Dalles, the shady and embowered villas of which along the sea you perceive on the right. You traverse the village of St. Pierre en Port, and thence by a road which to-day is an exquisite avenue shaded by great trees, where the air is balmy and delicious, you reach Eletot. On the way Eloa related to me her despair on receiving my letter, because she knew she should never succeed in inducing the Superior to grant her a new trial. She told me of the nights she had tried to spend in prayer, in search of what she called her peace of mind, the

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The Uninherited Inheritance

By Elliott Flower

HOW A FORTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR FORTUNE WAS BUILT ON A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING AND A TWO-CENT STAMP

MRS. KELLOGG PROMPTLY TOLD IRA TO BORROW $10,000

IT IS probable that Ira Kellogg was less excited than any of his friends when the news of the legacy was received. This was not because he discredited it, but because he was an easy-going man: he took things as they came, without either jubilation or complaint. He never had been rich and he never had been poor, and until now neither wealth nor poverty ever had been near enough to seriously disturb him. Though luxury had been lacking, so had privation; he had just lived comfortably, and he was satisfied with reasonable comfort. This, perhaps, explains why he was so unemotional. At no time in his life had he been violently swayed by hopes or fears, at no time had he had to struggle, at no time had he been the prey to ambition. So, with no financial worries and just enough business to keep him occupied, he had learned contentment.

The legacy was neither expected nor unexpected. The existence of a wealthy uncle never had been forgotten, but Ira Kellogg had had nothing in common with him for many years, and there were other heirs. If he had left the bulk of his fortune to one of the others, with only a slight "remembrance" for Ira, it would not have been surprising. As it happened, however, he had left the fortune to Ira and the "remembrances" to the others. At least, that was the report received. The first news came in a newspaper dispatch, and immediately thereafter the neighbors flocked in to congratulate the fortunate man.

"But it may not be true," he protested.

"Why, of course it is," they replied. "You can see that it's no idle rumor, for the dispatch gives the substance of the will. He has remembered all his nephews and nieces, but he leaves his fortune to you."

"Oh, well, I suppose it's so," he answered carelessly, "but there is no use bothering about it now."

However, he had to bother about it. Mrs. Kellogg had long-cherished plans that it was now possible to carry out. She wished to go to California with the girls.

"But I haven't the money yet," Ira urged.

"You can get all you want, though," insisted Mrs. Kellogg. "Any one will be glad to let you have it."

Ira was not so sure of that, but, in his easy-going way, he said he would "see about it."

With this he let the matter rest until he received a verification of the report from a prominent legal firm of Galveston, Texas, where his uncle had lived for many years. The letter informed him that there would be approximately a million dollars for him, but that some time must elapse before he would come into possession of it. The minor bequests were somewhat involved, necessitating the sale of some securities before a division could be made, and it was expressly stipulated that all these details should be settled by the executors before any of the estate was turned over to the principal legatee. There were also some business deals to be closed up.

"However," the writer said in conclusion, "I am authorized by Mr. Calvin Marley, one of the executors and a close friend to your late uncle, to say to you that he will gladly make you a personal loan of any sum that you may desire to use while awaiting the settlement of the estate."

When Mrs. Kellogg was informed of this she promptly told Ira to borrow $10,000 of Mr. Marley, in order that she might not be delayed in the execution of her plans.

"Now, what's the use of doing that?" asked Ira. "We're reasonably comfortable, and we might as well wait."

"I want to go to California with the girls," asserted Mrs. Kellogg, "and besides, more will be expected of us now than before: we must live better. Think of a millionaire living in a flat, even if it is a fairly large one and in a good locality! We ought to get into a house right away."

"All right," returned Ira good-naturedly, "I'll borrow $10,000 from him."

"While you're about it, Dad," put in Harry Kellogg, the son, "you'd better make it $20,000, and take that stock my boss offered you. He says I'm doing well, and this is your chance to get me an interest in the concern."

But Ira demurred. The firm by which his son was employed had just been incorporated, and Ira had been given an opportunity to identify his son more closely with the corporation. There was every likelihood that it would prove a good investment, too, but Ira was not disposed to ask for more than $10,000.

"Wait until the estate is settled," he urged. "Perhaps I'll invest $20,000 in the business for you then."

"You won't have the chance then," returned Harry. "You know well enough that it's a money-making concern and the stock is not going on the market. As a matter of business policy, a little of it has been offered to the employees at par, although it's easily worth 150. When that's gone, the opportunity will be gone forever."

"Well, I'll see about it," said Ira.

The next day at his office he had an exemplification of the fact that credit is as good as cash. His credit always had been good, but that was because he never strained it. He had met his obligations promptly, and tradesmen and others were glad to let him have anything he wanted. Nevertheless, until now he had not had money and credit forced upon him. The new order of things began with the offer of Mr. Marley, of Galveston, to loan him any sum that he desired, but it did not end there. He was writing to Marley in care of the legal firm when Stephen Dunstan called to see him. As the local agent of a large importing house, Ira had had some dealings with Dunstan, and they were friends, although not intimate.

"Had any verification of the good news yet?" asked Dunstan.

"Well," replied Ira, "I have reasonably good evidence that it's authentic." And he told him of the Marley offer.

"That ought to satisfy anybody," asserted Dunstan. "But what's the use of bothering people in Galveston that you don't know? If you want any money I'll be glad to let you have it. I have $40,000 or $50,000 lying idle now, and you can have any part of it."

"I have no present security to offer," suggested Ira.

"That letter is good enough security for me," replied Dunstan. "All I want is the assurance that the legacy is really coming to you, and such an offer from one of the executors settles that."

"I confess I'd rather get it from you than from a stranger," said Ira, "and I was just about to write for $10,000."

"Better make it $20,000," advised Dunstan. "It may be a year before the estate is closed up, and if Mrs. Kellogg is like other women she'll want to make a change in your style of living right away."

"All right," said Ira. "Make it $20,000."

When Dunstan had gone Ira leaned back in his chair and communed with himself. "A fellow doesn't have to have money in this world," he mused, "if only he is supposed to have it. I'm really not a cent richer to-day than I was two weeks ago, but people are hunting me up to hand me things." And further proof came in a call from the president of the company that employed his son.

"I happened to be in this vicinity on other business," explained the president, "and I thought I'd drop in. Your boy told me you'd like to take that $10,000 of stock for him now. He's a bright young fellow—just the kind of an employee that we like to have get an interest in the business. We're satisfied that it's good policy. Shall I put it in his name? Of course, I understand that it may be some time before you will get this money, but you can give your note for it at five per cent., and the stock will pay not less than ten per cent. in dividends. It's not our purpose to make money on it, you know, but simply to make a few of our best employees more deeply interested in our success. In the market the stock would bring 150 or more."

"Why, yes, I'll take the stock," said Ira, "but I believe I'll pay for it. You can have it put in Harry's name, and I'll send you a check in a day or so—probably to-morrow."

"Quite unnecessary, Mr. Kellogg," protested the president. "I infer that you will have to borrow the money, and, under the circumstances, your note is quite as satisfactory to us as it would be to any one else."

Ira hesitated. He would have the $20,000 by the following morning, and he had planned to use $10,000 of it for this very purpose, but—well, he thought of his wife and her plans, and in his easy, careless way he replied: "All right."

His bank balance at that moment was $562.18. The next day he had to his credit $20,562.18, and his son was worth $15,000, if one figured the actual value of the stock in his name. His two daughters were shopping, and his wife, having already written for rooms at a California resort, was now looking at houses. "And a newspaper clipping and one letter have done this," he mused. "To him that hath the reputation of having shall be given. If there were two

"AND I DON'T WANT ANY MORE WORDS WITH YOU," SAID IRA

clippings and two letters, I'd probably be buying private yachts."

His wife and his two daughters left in about ten days, but just before leaving his wife informed him that she had arranged for a house.

"But why rent a house just as you are leaving?" he asked.

"I haven't rented it," she replied calmly. "I've arranged to buy it. It's a bargain—only $22,000, and in a splendid neighborhood. The agent will be in to see you."

The agent came, and he demonstrated that it really was a bargain. Residences of that nature are not readily marketable. This one had cost $5000 or $6000 more than the price asked, but people who wish to invest that much in a residence usually prefer to build, so the owner, who was leaving the city and desired a quick sale, was ready to let it go at a sacrifice.

"The value of the land has increased since the house was built, too," explained the agent. "It's really worth not less than $30,000, if one could afford to wait for a purchaser. Of course, we understand your circumstances, Mr. Kellogg, and do not expect a cash transaction. Say $5000 down and the balance, secured by a mortgage, to be paid in one year, or, if you prefer, eighteen months."

Ira took the precaution, unusual for him, of verifying the statement as to its cost and value, and then gave his customary reply. "All right," he said.

He made the cash payment of $5000 and drew a long breath. As he put it to himself, "there was a swiftness about the way things were coming his way that was startling." He had a house and lot, a block of paying stock, his wife and daughters were in California, and he was $47,000 in debt.

"I never knew people were so kind and considerate before," he told himself, "but I think I'll quit right now. One clipping and one letter do not entitle a man to assume the national debt."

It was not so easy to quit, however. He had just settled down to the prosaic affairs of life again when another friend stopped him on the street one day. Ira's business friends were for the most part men with influence and money, and this one suggested that L., D. & X. was a good purchase. It was only an insignificant road, of course, but the friend happened to know that recent developments made it important to two trunk lines to control it, and the stock would soar when the fight began. "It's the chance of a lifetime," said the friend. "If you're quick you can get it for 28 now, and it will be above par in thirty days. It's better than letting your money lie idle."

"But I haven't got my money yet," protested Ira.

"Well, I'll carry it for you," returned the friend. "You're as good as gold with me, and I like to put a chance in the way of a fellow I like. Besides, you'll have chances to do me a good turn when you get your money."

Again Ira decided that the limit had been reached, and again he was mistaken. "What a lot of financial friends a fellow has when he has enough money so that their financial friendship isn't likely to cost them anything. But I'll stop right here." In a day or so, however, he got a letter from the headquarters of the importing house he represented. There was to be a merging of several large establishments in that particular line, and $15,000 of stock had been put aside for him. If he cared to take it, would he please wire, as this opportunity was being given only to a few of their principal agents? He deemed it unwise to take it, but when he mentioned it to Dunstan the latter was enthusiastic.

"I know something about that," he said, "and you really ought to get into the deal. I'd like to have the chance."

"Take it," said Ira.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," returned Dunstan. "I'll advance the necessary money for the deal, and let you have a half-interest, to be paid for on your own time, without interest."

"All right," said Ira.

When Ira next wrote to his wife he told her that, if the newspaper clipping had been a column long instead of about two inches and the letter from the lawyers had had a few more pages to it, he was satisfied that he should now own on credit a little more than a half-interest in the United States.

"I suppose it's all right," he added, "but, if anything goes wrong, I'll strike the earth with a thud that will jar the State."

She replied that, of course, nothing would go wrong, and then informed him that the young California millionaire, who had been attentive to Clara while he was in the East the year before, had joined them, and the engagement would be announced shortly.

"That's what comes of having money," she asserted. "We probably should never have seen him again otherwise."

"HOW THEY DO PILE IT ON A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!"

Ira steadfastly refused to go into any other large deals, but he did get into a few minor ones, and he joined two clubs. He tried to live the same old life, but he found it impossible. Men were always coming to him with propositions of one kind or another, and he was interviewed on the slightest pretext. He found himself very much in the company of men who previously had been only business friends. Some of his deals prospered and some did not, but he had become accustomed to being wealthy, and he stood his losses with equanimity—especially as most of them were only on paper as yet. No one thought of pressing him for money. It is only the poor man who has to pay promptly.

The morning of the day Ira woke up the house agent came to him with an offer to return the $5000 he had paid.

"I don't believe I care for it," said Ira carelessly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," urged the agent. "I'll return the $5000 and pay you $2000 additional to be released from the bargain."

"No," returned Ira. "Mrs. Kellogg likes that house, and I can't afford to let it go."

Two thousand dollars was nothing to him then, but that afternoon it looked like a large sum. His son, Harry, found him curled up in his office chair, the picture of misery. Harry carried a paper in his hand, and was excited himself.

"The paper says a new will has been found, Dad!" cried Harry. "Is it true?"

For answer Ira pushed a telegram over to the youth. The telegram announced that a later will had been found, and that Ira received only a small "remembrance."

"And I owe, Harry," he moaned, "I owe enough to make a respectable sinking fund."

"Well, it's sunk," returned Harry.

"I wish I'd taken the $2000 offered me for a release in that house deal."

"Who offered you that?"

"The agent."

"Then he's found another purchaser who's willing to pay high for it," announced the youth. "Wake up, Dad! There's a chance yet."

"No use, Harry," answered Ira disconsolately. "If I could get $5000 for it it wouldn't pull me out. Why, just think what I owe, Harry. I've gone on the theory that I'm a national bank and now I find I'm not even a toy savings-bank."

"Well, just you keep cool and wait," urged Harry. "I'm going to find out who wants that house."

"Won't be a drop in the bucket, Harry. I can see the end; I'm ruined. I might let the stock go for what I owe on it, but there's $20,000 in cash, and the trouble will just about cost me this agency."

Nevertheless, Harry, who developed unexpected business sense, insisted upon making his investigation, and left his father brooding.

"Cash, $20,000," muttered Ira; "due on house, $17,000; due on Harry's stock, $10,000; due on stock of house I represent, $7500; due on L., D. & X. speculation, $10,000; total, $64,500. That's a pretty good indebtedness for a man who has nothing. Oh, it's no fun being a millionaire—that is, a newspaper millionaire, with only a letter for capital. But——" He suddenly sat bolt upright. "By George! I've got about $10,000 in the bank yet. I'm tempted to skip."

Then he thought of his wife and daughters and Harry; he would have to stay and fight it out for them. His predicament was serious, but he could do nothing else. Perhaps his creditors would be lenient.

He was in this mood when the house agent entered.

"Well," said the agent brusquely, "I suppose you don't want that house now."

"I suppose not," returned Ira resignedly.

"Under the circumstances," said the agent, "I don't feel at liberty to give you any bonus for a release now, but I'll return the payment you made."

"You must have seen the newspapers," said Ira wearily.

"I have," replied the agent. "I know that you can't carry out your part of the bargain, so I'm going to take the whole thing off of your hands."

"All right," said Ira.

"And you'll have to stand the expense incurred so far in the matter of the mortgage and the transfer of title."

Ira looked startled.

"I suppose so," he returned, "but I'm in no condition to do business now. Wait until to-morrow."

A little delay was necessary to arrange the details, so the agent agreed.

"How they do pile it on a man when he's down!" groaned Ira. "That fellow and his principal are going to make money out of my misfortune, but they'll stick me for the expenses just the same. And when I was supposed to be prosperous they were ready to pay me a bonus for doing this."

He was still waiting for Harry to return when Harry's employer came in. He also had heard the news.

"Of course I'll have to ask you to transfer that stock back to me," he announced, "and I may say I'm pretty thoroughly disgusted."

"So am I," said Ira.

"It looks bad," asserted the employer. "It looks like a scheme that miscarried because of a premature exposure. You might have made a nice little profit on that stock if the truth hadn't come out so unexpectedly. I rather suspect you had planned some such underhanded deal as that."

Ira winced, but admitted that the affair did have a bad look. "Bad!" exclaimed the employer; "it looks like a confidence game. I ought to prosecute you, but I won't. Just turn over the stock and I'll return your note."

"It's in Harry's name," said Ira, "and I'll have to wait until he comes back. I'll straighten it out with you to-morrow morning."

Ira was so miserable, so discouraged, that he was tempted to lock the door. And yet the way they had turned on him seemed so unjust, in view of their previous encouragement, that he was tempted to rebel, to fight. He would straighten himself up in his chair with a vigorous expletive, and then sink back again. They were crowding him to the limit of his endurance, but—it seemed so hopeless. He had been perfectly honest in the matter, but he was accused of trickery. That was the hardest thing to bear.

He had just reached the door, with the intention of locking it, when Dunstan entered, and Dunstan was angry.

"It looks like a swindle!" Dunstan announced, without preliminaries. "You and some confederate in Galveston put up the job, and you've got into me for $27,500." Ira tried to protest, but Dunstan wouldn't listen to him. If Dunstan had been an observing man he would have noticed a dangerous gleam in Ira's eyes. Even a discouraged man may have a little spirit left. "But, thank Heaven!" Dunstan went on, "the circumstances make the $7500 safe. I'll take the stock for that."

A few minutes before Ira would have surrendered it without question, but now he had been goaded to mental activity. It occurred to him that that stock was worth $15,000, and he had given his note for only $7500 in payment for it. When Ira began to think he thought rapidly. At any rate, he would not submit to this sort of treatment any longer; he would make a stand.

He pulled himself together with a jerk. The limit of endurance had been reached, and the dead man came to life.

"This is my office," said Ira, "and I won't submit to such language here." He reached for his check-book. "I'll pay you for that stock now, and then I want you to get out and stay out."

"But the $20,000 note," protested Dunstan, disconcerted by this sudden change of front.

"It isn't due," asserted Ira shortly. "When it is, I'll take care of it." Ira tendered his check. "Hand over the $7500 note I gave you for the stock, and the stock is mine."

Dunstan blustered; he wanted Ira to pay for the stock and then give it to him to secure the larger note; but Ira was

thoroughly roused now. He wouldn't secure the note; it had been accepted without security, it wasn't due, and it would have to stand as made.

"And I don't want any more words with you," said Ira. "You annoy me. That's why I'm clearing off the indebtedness on the stock ahead of time. I don't want to be bothered."

When Harry came back he found his father a different man — an angry man of action.

"How much for the house, Harry?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand dollars in cash," answered Harry. "I got the man's name by pretending to have an offer for it myself, and he wants it badly. If you can raise the money to complete your bargain, Dad, you can sell to him."

Ira walked the floor thoughtfully.

"Harry," he said at last, "we've got some quick work to do, but I guess we can do it. Do you know any one who wants your stock?"

"John Bartley offered $15,000 for it a day or so ago."

"Tell Bartley to have that sum ready in currency at his office to-morrow morning and you will deliver the stock to him — in currency, mind. Then tell the man who wants the house to have his money ready, also in currency. Telephone your employer that I want to see him at 11:30, and to bring my note along. Get the house agent here, too. He's coming, anyway, but we might as well specify a time. I'll see Brown & Darwin myself, for I happen to know they're anxious to get the stock that Dunstan tried to beat me out of. And be here yourself, Harry; I'll need you."

"You seem to have waked up, Dad," suggested Harry.

"Well," said Ira, "I can stand being knocked down, Harry, but I don't like to be kicked. I've been jumped on so hard that it seems to have made a financier of me."

When Ira entered his office a little before eleven o'clock the following morning he carefully deposited a large wallet in the little safe that stood in one corner of the room.

"Here's where we give a few lessons to Napoleons of finance, Harry," he said cheerfully. "There's a little matter of $18,000 in that. Brown & Darwin paid me $16,000 for the stock, and I drew out $2000 of the little I had left in the bank. Has any one been here yet?"

"No," answered Harry, "but Conkling telephoned that you'd have to put up the money on that L., D. & X. deal right away or he'd have it transferred to his own account. He says he can't afford to give you the profit if you're not able to stand the possible loss."

"Telephone him to come over and get his money," instructed Ira.

"But you can't pay them all," urged Harry.

"You watch your poor old waked-up Dad," retorted Ira. "Conkling's so busy watching quotations that he can't get here inside of an hour or more, and a real live man can do lots of business in that time. Have you got a cab, Harry?"

"No."

"Get one. You'll need it."

Harry did the telephoning and went for a cab. Meanwhile Ira settled himself at his desk, and then things happened with the rapidity he had expected. Harry's employer was the first to arrive.

"Are you ready ——" he began.

"Quite ready," interrupted Ira, as he reached into his safe and drew out the wallet. "I don't like to have business transactions with people who get nervous every time they see an item in the newspapers, so we'll just close the deal." He counted out $10,000, pushed it across the desk, and threw the rest carelessly into a drawer. "Kindly surrender my note, and the stock belongs to Harry."

"Really, Mr. Kellogg ——"

"Please don't delay. I'm very busy to-day. There's your money."

The sight of $10,000 in currency frequently makes a man change his mind, and Harry's employer was disposed to think he had been hasty.

"Really, Mr. Kellogg ——" he began again.

"I don't like to be disturbed by these trifles," said Ira. "I have a really important appointment in five minutes with a man who isn't nervous. My note, please."

The note was surrendered, and a dazed man left the office with $10,000 in his pocket. He had tried to explain and apologize, but Ira had cut him short with the statement that it spoiled his appetite to have people doubt his financial standing, and he didn't wish to take any chances.

Five minutes later Harry was speeding away in a cab, with the stock in his inside pocket, intent on letting Bartley have it for the $15,000 in currency he had agreed to have ready. Meanwhile Ira was entertaining the house agent.

"I have a check here for the $5000 you paid," said the agent, "and I will give that to you and release the mortgage on the payment of the costs and the re-transfer of the property."

"I don't like to do business with checks," asserted Ira. "People are so suspicious these days that it's better to deal in currency. Why, some men have even doubted me."

The agent looked bewildered.

"Surely," he said, "you didn't expect me to bring $5000 in cash here?"

"No," said Ira, "I merely expected you to bring the mortgage and I will give you $17,000 in cash and take the house."

"You're going to take the house!" exclaimed the agent.

"Certainly. Why not? I —— Pardon me," as a boy entered with a telegram. Ira opened the telegram and found the following message from his wife: "Clara's engagement announced. Both want to be married here. Shall we delay wedding for your arrival?" To this he hastily wrote the reply: "We need a millionaire in the family. Rush wedding. I can't come."

"You see," said Ira, turning to the agent as the boy left, "it is most distressing to be bothered by little affairs when there are really important ones requiring attention. There's not less than a million in that deal I just closed by wire."

"Would — would you accept a bonus of $2000 for the house?" ventured the agent.

"What's $2000 to me when I want a particular house?" demanded Ira.

"You talked in a different strain yesterday."

"Yes; you annoyed me, and when I'm annoyed I don't sleep well, so I'm paying you in cash to-day. I consider the payment of this money as nothing but a sleeping-potion. Ah! here's the boy now."

Harry entered, carrying a little satchel, which he deposited on his father's desk.

"How much, Harry?" asked Ira.

"Fifteen thousand," answered Harry.

"Dear, dear; no more than that. Why, Harry, you know I can't transact business for one morning with that. While you were at the safe deposit vault you should have got at least double that sum. But never mind! I had a few thousands left over at the close of business yesterday." He added the money in the drawer to that in the satchel, and then counted out enough to pay the agent his $17,000 with interest. A little later the agent left, as dazed as the man who had preceded him; and ten minutes after that Harry was speeding away in his cab again, carrying all the necessary papers to transfer the house to the new purchaser. Then Ira telephoned to a broker and asked how L., D. & X. was quoted.

"Seventy-six and still going up," was the reply.

"No wonder he wanted to take it off my hands," commented Ira.

Harry was back before Conkling arrived, and when the latter came Ira had a large stack of $1000 bills from which he counted out ten.

"I didn't like your message, Conkling," he said. "It betrayed a want of confidence in me that was displeasing, so I decided to pay you in currency, and then sell. As soon as you get back to your office please let the stock go at the market price."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Mr. Kellogg," urged Conkling, "but the reports were disquieting ——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Ira, "but a man of my standing should be above rumors and reports."

"The stock is going higher."

"A few points one way or another is of trifling importance," said Ira. "I'd rather lose a little something than be annoyed. I understand it's still going up, but close it out just the same and telephone me the price and the margin of profit."

Conkling was also dazed, and he was disposed to kick himself. It seemed to him that he had lost a good customer.

An hour or so later Ira leaned back in his chair and smiled at his son. He had taken up the $20,000 note that Dunstan held and had about $5000 left.

"Not so bad, Harry; not so bad," he commented. "They really ought not to crowd a man when he's down, and then these things might not happen." The telephone bell rang. "See what it is, Harry."

"Conkling says he has sold your L., D. & X. and has $33,456 to your credit," announced Harry, after a brief conversation over the telephone.

"Tell him," said Ira, "that I always prefer currency to checks, but — well, he can send me a check this time, if it's certified."

"He hopes his unfortunate mistake won't prejudice you against him when you have any other business in his line," said Harry.

"They're all hoping that now," asserted Ira.

The next day he received another telegram from his wife. "Just heard the news from Galveston," it read. "Clara's fiancé says to draw on him for any sum you may need to protect your deals. They will be married next Saturday."

To this Ira replied: "Don't need anything. If I did, I could raise $50,000 here in two hours."

"And that's no lie, either," he remarked to Harry. "There's nothing like clever financiering to give a man credit; it's better even than a telegram and a newspaper clipping."

The Western "Gold Bugs"

By Clarence H. Matson

HOW THE MONEY BARONS OF THE EAST ARE BORROWING FROM THE WHEAT BARONS OF THE WEST

TWO men interested in financial matters were recently discussing the trend of business affairs. One was from the East and had just been touring the West; the other lived in the West. The Eastern man made this statement: "I shall not be greatly surprised if the end of the present decade sees the West the creditor of the East. A few years ago the East had a mortgage on the West, but I am not sure but what conditions are about to be reversed, at least in a degree."

This may seem like a startling statement when one considers the past relations of these two sections of the country, but events in the financial world during the past few months lend color to the prophecy.

Ever since the development of the West began in earnest the West has been more or less in debt to the East. The development cost more money than the Western pioneers possessed. They had to borrow. They were compelled to mortgage their farms and wait for the returns from the soil to pay off the mortgages. But now a change has come — the West has paid off its mortgages; it is no longer in debt. The change was first distinctly noticeable last summer when the West failed to send East for money to "move the crops," as had been its custom, and more recently additional evidence has been piling up to add force to the change.

For several years there has been a heavy drain on New York banks during the summer months. With the beginning of the harvest in Southern Oklahoma about the first of June there has come to New York a demand for money. It was needed in the West to "move the crops." The farmers needed cash to pay the expense of harvesting and threshing their grain. The grain buyers needed cash to buy the grain after it was threshed. The farmer borrowed from his local bank, and the local bank in turn had to borrow from the money centres. Therefore, when the Oklahoma farmers needed money to pay their harvest hands the little banks in Oklahoma drew on Kansas City for it, and Kansas City drew on New York. The harvest traveled north, twenty miles a day, and by the last of June the great Kansas wheat belt was busy — and still Kansas City drew on New York for the money to pay the harvest hands. During July the harvest traveled across Nebraska, and Omaha called for money. By August the wheat in Minnesota and the Dakotas was falling before the binder, and the demand for money came from Minneapolis and St. Paul. By the time the wheat was all gathered New York had sent from twenty-five to forty millions of dollars into the West for the express purpose of "moving the crops."

In the fall, when the wheat had started to market, the wealth began to flow back into the New York banks and those of other money centres. Not only the twenty-five or forty millions came back, but with them came millions more in interest and part of the principal of the mortgages.

So regular had this process become that the bankers of New York and other Eastern money centres learned to prepare for it. Two years ago, in the summer of 1901, when Kansas alone produced nearly one hundred million bushels of wheat, the demand for harvest money was greater than ever because of the great crop. Each year, however, the interest payments dropped off because the principal of the mortgages had been decreased, and when the money came back which had been borrowed to move the 1901 crop, the sum which came with it to pay off the mortgages and interest was small compared with what it had been two or three years before.

During recent years the West has paid every claim promptly. Each year it sent East a big slice of its profits and it borrowed no more except temporarily. Money became cheap. The West kept adding to the idle money in the East by paying off its debts. Interest dropped to three, four and five per cent. There were no more Western mortgages to buy and the East began to put its money into industry and trade. Business "boomed." Everybody made improvements, from the big railroad companies with their betterment of equipment and roadbed, to the humble owner of the two-room cottage, who built himself a chicken-coop or a pigsty.

Last spring the banks of New York prepared for the usual demand from the West for money to move the crops. It would be a profitable investment, they thought, for at least a part of their idle millions for a few months. The harvest began in Oklahoma, but there was no demand from Oklahoma for money. Word came that the Kansas harvest was in full blast, but Kansas gave no hint that she wanted to borrow. When Nebraska began gathering her wheat without asking financial aid, the East inquired what was the matter. The answer came back, "The West has plenty of money of its own to move its crops."

And it proved true. Not only had the farmers sufficient money to pay their harvest hands, but they also had fat bank accounts besides. The recent biennial report of Morton

Albaugh, State Bank Commissioner of Kansas, shows that sixty-eight per cent. of the deposits in the State and private banks of Kansas are those of farmers and stockmen. On the basis of figures given in Mr. Albaugh's report it is estimated that fully one-half of all the farmers in Kansas now have bank accounts.

For this reason the West has paid off its Eastern mortgages. Now, if a Western farmer wants to borrow money his neighbors are only too glad to lend it to him. He no longer sends a mortgage East in exchange for a loan. A few years ago the agents of Eastern or foreign loan companies were among the "leading citizens" of every Western town; now one can scarcely be found.

What Caused the Recent "Squeeze"

Because the West had paid off its debts the profits of the harvest of 1902 did not flow to the Eastern money centres last fall as they had done every year before when a good crop was raised. Consequently this accustomed supply did not replenish that which went out in other directions. In the mean time vast sums had been steadily going into the channels of industry and permanent investment. Railroad companies issued new securities and the money secured on them went into extensions and improvements. Business expanded at a wonderful rate. New industries were established and the money that went into them became tied up in a permanent investment. Consequently New York began to experience a falling off in its supply of ready money as the fall of 1902 opened. As the season advanced and but little cash came in payment of Western mortgages to take the place of that going into permanent investments, a shortage developed. Borrowers found that interest rates were advancing. The shortage became a stringency and interest on ready money went still higher.

But the shortage did not touch the West. The West sold its crops to the East and then kept the money. Like the East, it is beginning to put a little of its surplus into factories and other industries. It needs them, and there is a wide field for their products. The West, too, has money to lend—not a great abundance, to be sure, but enough to become a lender.

During the fall the State of Massachusetts wished to float $300,000 of bonds. The investment was, of course, gilt-edged from a standpoint of security, but the interest was only 3¼ per cent. Eastern money commanded a much higher rate than that. New York banks were not anxious to tie up their ready cash in any 3¼ per cent. investments. The bonds did not have to go begging, however. The State of Nebraska was so anxious to secure them as an investment for its permanent school fund that the State officers took a test case through the Nebraska Supreme Court to ascertain if the State could legally purchase the bonds of another State. The Supreme Court decided in the affirmative, and on the first day of December, 1902, the prairie State of Nebraska, which was not settled fifty years ago, became the creditor of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

When one remembers the hard times of a few years ago, when practically the entire region west of the Missouri River was mortgaged to Eastern or foreign investors, it seems almost beyond the range of possibilities that the West should have amassed so much wealth as to enable it in so short a time not only to pay off its great debts, but even to loan money to its former creditors; but when one considers that the farms of Kansas alone last year produced wealth to the value of $371,109,467, and that, too, in the face of a comparatively small wheat crop, one can readily see that the total wealth produced by all the farms of the West each year is something enormous, running into billions of dollars. And to this should be added the products of the mines and factories, the oil wells and smelters—and the wealth produced by these is by no means inconsiderable. The total wealth produced by the State of Kansas alone in 1902 probably aggregated $450,000,000, or $1500 for every family in the State—an increase in the actual wealth without considering increased values of wealth existing before.

There was a time—and it is not remote—when the farm in Kansas, Nebraska or Oklahoma that was not covered by a mortgage was an exception to the general rule. In the older States east of the Missouri the conditions were not so bad, but they might have been better. During the boom days of the latter eighties the loan agent was a prominent and numerous member of every Western community. He flourished like a green bay tree. In many instances he was an Eastern man sent to the West by trusting friends or a loan company organized to invest Eastern money in Western securities. His advice was sought on all questions of public interest and he was a "leading citizen" in every community. He financed all sorts of schemes. The spirit of speculation was rife. Nearly every one borrowed. Farmers borrowed to improve their farms, to build houses and barns, and to buy machinery they did not need; and the townspeople borrowed to boom their towns, to lay out new additions and to build water-works and street-car lines where there was no one to use the water or to ride on the street cars.

Then came a day of reckoning. Investments did not turn out as well as expected. Money became short and interest rates advanced. The town booms collapsed. Everything was mortgaged, and the mortgages were practically all in the hands of Eastern investors. At a forced sale much of the property would not bring enough to pay the mortgage. A series of partial crop failures followed. They spread all over the West to a greater or lesser extent, but the newer States felt their evil effects most. Farmers could not meet their interest payments, to say nothing of the principal which was falling due. In many instances the mortgages were foreclosed and the former owners became mere tenants. The country newspapers lived to a considerable extent on the income derived from the publication of sheriffs' sale notices. Those who retained the ownership of their homes did so only because their creditors saw more hope in extending the loans than in foreclosing them. In the extreme western parts of Kansas and Nebraska, which had only recently been settled, the people were unable to exist. They had not yet learned the peculiarities of climate and soil, and vast areas became depopulated.

The memory of those four or five years in the first half of the last decade is a nightmare in the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. They were years of untold privation and suffering and hardship—years in which the farmer and his wife lay awake night after night wondering how they could pay their debts. The debts were the first consideration. The people were honest and industrious, and they lived on only the bare necessities of life while they struggled to pay what they owed.

The Lessons of the Lean Years

But those years were not wholly without their lessons. They taught frugality and economy of the strictest sort. The farmer studied the soil and sought the crops best adapted to it. He learned that it would not do to pin his faith to a single crop, but that he must have diversity. He learned that sorghums and kaffir corn would provide him with forage for his cattle no matter how dry the summer might be. He learned the value of alfalfa, and at the same time he learned more about the great staple crops of wheat and corn.

Then the skies began to brighten. The farmer turned defeat into victory, and little by little he whittled down his mortgage even in the face of adverse conditions. Then came better crops. The mortgages rapidly became less. Bank accounts were started. The more well-to-do began to buy back the land that the Eastern loan companies had foreclosed. Rubber-tired buggies appeared on the roads and the melody of the piano crept into a few farmhouses. Good crops continued; the bank accounts of those out of debt continued to grow, and there was a steady flow of money to the East to liquidate the remaining mortgages held there. From 1897 to 1901 the West sent millions upon millions to the East. It is no wonder that money became a drug in the financial centres.

The big wheat crop of 1901 practically completed the payment of the mortgages held in the East and the cash began to accumulate faster in the Western banks. The deposits were so great and the calls for loans so few that many banks ceased to pay interest on deposits. Humorous stories have been told of Western farmers compelling bankers to receive their deposits at the muzzle of a revolver. These stories are, of course, imaginary, but there have been instances where a debtor has invoked the aid of the law to compel his creditor to accept payment for a debt so as to stop the interest.

After its Eastern debts were paid and it had had a breathing spell, the West began to look for ways to invest its money. It had learned the lesson of wild speculation and it demanded safe investments. It began to build factories, and some of the money which has heretofore gone East for manufactured goods now remains in the West—only a comparatively small amount, to be sure, but it is a beginning and the amount is constantly increasing. More than half of the zinc produced in the United States comes from the southeastern corner of Kansas. Since the discovery of the great gas fields near the same locality gigantic zinc smelters have sprung up with millions of dollars of capital, besides a great variety of other industries.

No Further Fear of Hard Times

A large amount of capital has gone into telephone lines. Not only have exchanges been built in nearly every Western town and village, but the wires stretch away across the prairies in all directions. The farmers are rapidly learning the value of the telephone and they are putting their own money into telephone lines. The creamery industry is another which has developed with great rapidity in the last two or three years, and with its development it has added to the farmer's wealth by bringing him higher prices for his butter and enabling him to handle a greater product from his cows with less labor than under the old system of making butter by hand. A single creamery company which operates in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Oklahoma makes as high as fifty thousand pounds of butter a day during the summer season, and it recently sold seventeen carloads of butter in a single shipment to the United States Government for use in the Navy.

The growth of investments in the West is well indicated by the increase in the number of banks in Kansas in the past two years. The recent report of State Bank Commissioner Albaugh shows that during the biennial period ending September 30, 1902, 117 new State banks were incorporated, an increase of thirty-four per cent.

The West no longer fears a return of the hard times of the middle nineties. It is no longer in debt. If crop failures should come it would not have to borrow money to live. And crop failures are no longer the possibility they once were. The farmer knows better how to manage his farm. A partial failure in one line may enhance the value of another crop, so that the aggregate value is maintained. If the West continues to have good crops its wealth will continue to pile up. If the East needs money, the West will follow the example of Nebraska and repay the favors received while the country was developing; if not, the West can use its wealth in still further development.

J. Drew and John Drew

THE conversation drifted upon autographs and Mr. John Drew related several amusing anecdotes of his experience with collectors. The best of these was the account of a clever scheme to secure choice seats for the play without paying for them—a piece of fraud which was frustrated by the astute vender of tickets.

The famous actor received a note one day asking for his autograph. The writer, a woman, informed him that she should be quite satisfied if he would merely inscribe his full name on the blank half of the note sheet. Accordingly, the signature, *John Drew*, was affixed and the note returned forthwith.

On the following day a fashionably-gowned lady, stepping up to the window of the box-office, presented a half-sheet of notepaper bearing the words, "Three tickets. John Drew." The ticket-seller darted a keen glance at the woman.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot honor this," he said.

"Why not?" she demanded, in amazement and offended dignity. "Mr. Drew signed the order and sent it to me himself."

"Are you acquainted with him?" queried the man in the window.

An almost imperceptible hesitation, then, "Certainly," said the woman.

"Then you must know," was the triumphant rejoinder, "that Mr. Drew never writes his full name except when granting a request for his autograph. When he signs an order for seats it's plain J. Drew!"

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS — The Earl of Frothingham has just met with a dizzying rebuff. Miss Catherine Hollister, who had seemed to solve all his difficulties, has reconsidered her decision to marry him, but not until she had made all possible social capital out of his public devotion. So Frothingham's American manager, Honoria Longview, a shrewd and friendly young girl who has taken him under her protection, with her eyes wide open and just for the sport of the game, has advised his acceptance of an invitation from a Boston friend.

VIII

AT HALF-PAST four o'clock on a raw January afternoon Frothingham descended from a Pullman fiery furnace to adventure upon Boston. As he drove to Mrs. Staunton's the rain sifted through the cracks round the windows and doors of the musty cab and was deposited upon his face in a greasy coating by currents of the iciest air he had felt since he was last in Scotland. It was air that seemed to mangle as it bit, that sent the chilled blood cowering to the depths of the body instead of bringing it to the surface in healthful reaction.

"A loathsome town," he muttered as he looked out on either side. "Looks something like London — no, Liverpool. The people look English, too." A big, dingy street car with bell wildly clanging darted from a narrow side street into the narrow main street which the cab was following. There was a bare escape from a disastrous collision. "It's America, right enough," he said.

The rain was whirling in the savage wind; umbrellas were tossing and twisting, impeding without in the least sheltering the sullen throngs on the sidewalks. Everything looked wet and sticky and chilly and forbidding. "They certainly are English," he said as he noted the passing faces; and he did not like it. In New York he had been amused by the variety — specimens of all nationalities, often several nationalities struggling for expression in the same face. Here the sameness was tiresome to him, and he missed the alert look of New Yorkers of all kinds.

He began to feel somewhat better, however, when he reached the wide front hall of Mrs. Staunton's big, old-fashioned, comfortable house on the water side of Beacon Street. And he felt still better when the butler showed him to the room he was to occupy — the furniture and hangings, the woodwork and wall-paper, sombre yet homelike in the light and warmth of an open fire. At half-past five he entered the drawing-room in fairly good humor now that he and Hutt were established and safe from the weather. He joined Mrs. Staunton and her daughter-in-law at the fire where they were cozily ensconced with a tea-table between them.

"You must have a cheerful impression of Boston," said young Mrs. Staunton, called Mrs. Ridgie — her husband's name was Ridgeway.

"That wind was a bit nasty," replied Frothingham. "But I've forgiven and forgotten it. I always spill my troubles as soon as ever I can."

MR. GILSON — A DISCIPLE

"You'll detest Boston after New York," continued Mrs. Ridgie. "I've lived here ten years. It's — it's a hole."

Her mother-in-law's expression was not pleasant, and Frothingham saw at a glance that they disliked each the other. "Virginia is from New York," she said to him apologetically. "She determined in advance not to like us, and she does not change her mind easily."

"Us." Virginia smiled mockingly. "Mother, here," she said to Frothingham, "was born at a place a few miles away — Salem, where they burned witches ——"

"Hanged witches — none was burned," interrupted Mrs. Staunton.

"Thank you, dear — hanged witches. At any rate, she was born at Salem. And her people removed to this very house more than forty years ago. The other day I was talking to old Judge Arkwright and spoke of my mother-in-law as a Bostonian. 'But,' said he, 'she's not a Bostonian. She's of Salem town.' Think of it, Lord Frothingham! She's lived here nearly half a century and she married a man whose family has lived here two hundred years. And they still speak and think of her as a stranger. That's Boston."

"It reminds me of home," said Frothingham. "Very different from New York, isn't it? I asked the woman I took in to dinner the other night where her parents came from. 'Good Lord, don't ask me!' she said. 'All I know about it is that they came in a hurry and never went back.'"

"How sensible!" said Mrs. Ridgie, the more enthusiastically for her mother-in-law's look of disgust. "You'll notice that people on this side never talk of their ancestors unless there's something wrong with themselves."

Mrs. Staunton restrained herself. "You'll give Lord Frothingham a very false idea of this country, Virgie," she said with softness in her voice and irritation in her eyes.

"Oh, he's certain to get that anyhow. He'll see only one kind of people while he's here, and though they think they're the whole show they don't amount to *that*." At "that" she snapped her fingers so loudly and suddenly that both Mrs. Staunton and Frothingham started. "If you came really to know this country," she went on, "you'd find out that just as soon as people here begin to pose as 'our best people,' 'our best society,' and all that rot, they begin to amount to nothing. They're has-beens, or on the way to it. We don't stand still here — not even in Boston. We're always going up or coming down."

After a silence Mrs. Staunton ventured to say, "I think you'll find, Lord Frothingham, that the tone of Boston is, as I told you, far higher than New York's."

"Really!" Frothingham looked slightly alarmed. "That's bad news," he said. "I don't go in for a very high tone, you know. I'm keyed rather low, I should say."

"You needn't be frightened," said Mrs. Ridgie. "They beat the air a good deal here. But, if you'll be patient and not encourage 'em, they'll soon get down to the good old business of raveling reputations. At that they're far superior to New York."

Mrs. Staunton looked vigorous dissent, but said nothing. They listened for a few minutes to the drowsy crackling of the wood fire and to the futile beat of the storm against the windows. Then Mrs. Ridgie rose. "I'll see you at dinner," she said to Frothingham. "I forgive you for being so cross to me, *belle-mère*," she said to Mrs. Staunton, patting her on the cheek. Then her pretty little figure and pretty, pert face vanished. Mrs. Staunton frowned at the place where she had been — she disliked Virgie's hoydenish movements almost as much as her demonstrativeness; in her opinion, "no thoroughly respectable woman laughs loudly, uses slang or indulges in public kissing and embracing."

They were ten at dinner that night, and Frothingham, seated between Mrs. Staunton and a middle-aged, stiff and homely Mrs. Sullivan, tried to keep his spirits by drinking the champagne steadily — "Vile stuff," he said to himself, "and bad cooking, and a dull old woman on either side. And what's this rot they're talking?"

The conversation was of a Buddhist priest who was making converts among "the very best people." Mrs. Sullivan was contending that he was a fraud and that his teachings were immoral. Mrs. Staunton was defending him, assisted by a sallow, black-whiskered, long-haired young man on the opposite side of the table — a Mr. Gilson.

THE BOOK WAS A BURKE'S PEERAGE

Frothingham would not even pretend to listen. His look and his thoughts wandered down the table to Cecilia Allerton.

Her slender paleness was foiled by two stout red and brown men — Ridgeway Staunton and Frank Mortimer. They were eating steadily, with the slow, lingering movements of the jaw which proclaim the man or the beast that wishes to get food into the mouth rather than into the stomach. Between mouthfuls they drank champagne, holding it in the mouth and swallowing deliberately. Cecilia was evidently oblivious of them and of the rest of her surroundings. "She looks sickly," thought Frothingham, "and an iceberg."

She had a small head, a high, narrow forehead, a long, narrow face — pale, almost gaunt. The expression of her mouth was prim to severity. But her eyes, large and brilliant brown and full of imagination, contradicted the coldness of the rest of her face, and gave her a look that was certainly distinction, if not beauty. "I wonder what she's thinking about?" said Frothingham to himself. "Buddhism, I wager. How English she looks. But they all do, for that matter, except this long-haired beast opposite. He looks a Spaniard, or something else Southern and dirty."

"Did you find that the New York women swore much, Lord Frothingham?"

He started. It was the Puritanic-looking Mrs. Sullivan. "I beg pardon," he said, turning his head so that his entrenched eye was trained upon her.

"The New York women," repeated Mrs. Sullivan. "Were they very profane?"

"Ah — well — that is —— Now, what would you call profane?" asked Frothingham in his dryest drawl. "Devil and that sort?"

"I should call that profane in a woman, and worse. I should call that vulgar."

"Really!"

"Shouldn't you?"

"Ah, I don't know. I don't call things. What's the use?"

"But you must have opinions."

"Lots of 'em — lots of 'em — a new set every day. It's a good idea to look at everything from all sorts of directions, don't you think?"

"If one has no sense of responsibility. But I know you have. One of the characteristics I particularly admire in the English upper class is their sense of responsibility. I think it splendid, the way they support the church and so set an example to the lower classes."

"I don't go in for that yet — I lie abed. It's not expected of one until he's head of a family. When I am, of course I'll

tuck my book under my arm and toddle away on Sunday morning to do my duty. I think it's rather funny, don't you? We do as we jolly please all week and then on Sunday, when there's nothing naughty going on anyhow, we do our duty. Cleverest thing in the British Constitution that!"

"But you believe in your — your church, don't you?"

"Believe? To be sure. Every one does, except ghastly middle-class cranks. Some of 'em go crazy and are pious every day. Others go crazy and chuck it all. They run to extremes — that's bad form. I don't like extremes."

Mrs. Sullivan looked at Frothingham suspiciously. His face was always serious, but the eyeglass and the drawl and a shadow of a hint of irony in his tone raised a doubt. She returned to her original question: "They tell me that the women — the fashionable women — swear a great deal in New York now — that it's the latest fad."

"I can't say that they ever swore at me — much," replied Frothingham. "But then, you know, I'm rather meek. It's possible they might if I'd baited 'em."

"A few of our women here — those that hang round horses and stables all the time — have taken up swearing. It is said that they contracted the habit in New York and Newport. But I doubt it."

"Perhaps it's the horses that make 'em swear," suggested Frothingham. "Horses are such stupid brutes."

"And they smoke — but that's an old story. All the women smoke in New York, don't they?"

"I'm not observant. You see, I don't see well unless I look sharp."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled amiably. "You're very discreet, Lord Frothingham. You don't gossip — I detest it myself."

She talked to the man at her left, but soon turned to him with: "Doesn't it shock you, the way divorce is growing nowadays? It's almost as bad in England, I understand, as it is with us. We're taking up all the habits of the common sort of people. Really, I try to be broad-minded, but I can't keep up with the rising generation. A young married woman called on me this afternoon — she and her husband are of our best families. She told me she was engaged to a young married man in New York. 'But,' said I, 'you're both married.' 'We're going to get our divorces in the spring,' she said. She asked me not to say anything about her engagement — 'for,' she said, 'we haven't announced it. I haven't told my husband yet that I'm going to get a divorce, and my fiancé hasn't told his wife.' What do you think of that, Lord Frothingham?"

"Deuced enterprising, isn't it, now? That's what we call a Yankee notion. Do you think it'll go through?"

"I've no doubt of it. She's extremely energetic — and conscienceless — I'd say brazen, if she weren't a lady."

When the women went into the drawing-room, Ridgeway Staunton brought to Frothingham a tall, ascetic-looking man with the bald, smooth, bulging temples and the sourly curled lips of habitual bad temper. "Lord Frothingham, Mr. Allerton." They bowed stiffly and looked each at the other uncertainly.

"I've heard much of you from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Staunton," said Allerton.

"She's been very good to me," replied Frothingham cordially.

"She is an admirable woman," said Allerton. "She has been a mother — more than a mother — to my little girl for years."

"Your daughter was most fortunate," replied Frothingham in a tone of what was for him enthusiasm.

Allerton began to talk English politics; and Frothingham who, like Englishmen of all classes, knew his country's politics thoroughly, was astonished at the minuteness and accuracy of the American's knowledge. But he was amazed to find that Allerton, though an aristocrat and a Tory in the politics of his own country, with narrow and bitter class views, was in English politics a Liberal of the radical type — a "little Englander" and a "Home Ruler." And he presently discovered that there were other inconsistencies equally strange. For example, Allerton was savage in his hatred of all social innovations, was fanatical against the morals and manners of the younger people in the limited Boston set which he evidently regarded as the pinnacle and pattern of the whole world, yet was almost a sensualist in literature, art and music. He sneered at superstition, yet believed in ghosts and in dreams. Finally, he was a theoretical democrat, yet had a reverence for his own ancestry and for the title and ancestry of Frothingham that, even to Frothingham, seemed amusing and contemptible.

At first Frothingham was afraid lest he should express some opinion that would rouse the cold and tenacious dislike of Allerton. But he soon saw that, for the sake of his title and descent, he was regarded by the banker as privileged and exempt from criticism. Just as Mrs. Staunton and Mrs. Sullivan thought Frothingham's slang trenching on profanity not only tolerable but proper in him, so Allerton smiled with frosty indulgence upon his light and not very reverent criticisms in politics, religion, morals and art.

"What do you think of him?" Mrs. Staunton asked her brother-in-law when the men rejoined the women.

"A fine type of English gentleman," replied Allerton. "Manly and dignified, and his mind is keen. I liked him."

"I'm going to take him to Cecilia," said she.

"I'm sure Cecilia will like him. I don't think she's looking well, Martha."

"Poor child! You can't expect a girl of her depth of feeling, her spirituality, to recover soon. You must remember, it's been only a year and three months. This is the first time she's been out, isn't it?"

SHE SMILED PENSIVELY. "I'M TOO SERIOUS FOR FADS, I FEAR"

"I should not have believed she could be so disobedient as she has been in the past year," said Allerton sourly. "The night of the opening of the gallery I ordered her to come down and help me receive. I shall never forget that she locked herself in her room. It shows how the poison of the example of the young people nowadays permeates."

"But that was nearly a year ago, Edward. Be careful not to be harsh to her. She inherits — your imperiousness." Mrs. Staunton hesitated after "inherits" because the look in her brother-in-law's eyes reminded her that his wife — her sister — after enduring for eight years the penitentiary he made of his home, fled from him and refused to return, and lived by herself in a cottage at Brookline until her death.

After talking to several of her guests so that her action might not seem pointed, Mrs. Staunton took Frothingham where Cecilia was listening to Gilson's animated but not animating exposition of the true or Gilson theory of portrait painting. A moment after Frothingham was introduced Mrs. Staunton took the reluctant Gilson away.

Cecilia looked after him, a quizzical expression in her eyes. "Do you know Mr. Gilson?" she asked.

"No, I've only just met him."

"What do you think of him?"

"I can't say. I've barely seen him."

"But isn't Schopenhauer right where he says, 'Look well at a human being the first time you see him, for you will never see *him* again'?"

"I should say Gilson was — not very clean, then. Who is he?"

"He came here four years ago from we don't know where, and exhibited a lot of his own paintings, most of them portraits of himself in all sorts of strange attitudes and clothes. Everybody ran after him — we have a new craze here each year, you know. That year it was Gilson. A girl, a Miss Manners, married him. If it hadn't been for that he'd have been forgotten and would have disappeared. As it is, we still have him with us. That's his wife on the sofa."

Frothingham looked toward the enormously fat woman, disposed there and gazing round vaguely with a sleepy, comfortable, complacent smile. "How do you know it's a sofa she's sitting on?" he asked.

"Because I saw it before she sat down," replied Cecilia. "Her fad is a diet of raw wheat. If she'd been where you could see her at the table you'd have noticed that she ate only raw wheat. She's served specially everywhere since she got the idea last autumn. She brings her wheat with her."

"And what is your fad — you say every one has a fad?"

"Every one except me." She smiled pensively. "I'm too serious for fads, I fear."

"Then you're not a Buddhist or a Spiritualist?" he said with a sigh of relief.

The color flared into her face. "Spiritualism." Her lips compressed and seemed even thinner. Her expression vividly suggested her father. "But *that* is not a fad. Only the thoughtless and the ignorant call it a fad."

Frothingham's face became blank. "This is a time to sit tight," he said to himself. "She's looking at me as if I were a witch and she were about to burn — no, hang — me."

"It would be a dreary world, it seems to me," she went on, her voice low and a queer light in her softening eyes, "if it were not for the friendship and guidance of those in the world beyond."

"Really!" His tone might have meant almost anything except the wonder and amusement it concealed.

Her father came to take her home. "We should be glad to see you, Lord Frothingham, at our house," he said graciously. "I hope you will let Mrs. Staunton bring you."

"Thank you — I'll ask her to."

As he watched her leave he said to himself, "She's mad as a hatter — or is it just Boston?"

IX

ABOUT a week after he met Lord Frothingham at Mrs. Staunton's, Edward Allerton left his bank an hour before luncheon-time and went to the Public Library. His look as he entered was undoubtedly furtive; and as he drifted aimlessly round the reading-room, declining the offers of assistance from the polite and willing attendants, his manner was such that had he been a stranger he would have been watched as a suspicious character. He took several reference books from the cases; finally and most carelessly of all, a Burke's Peerage. Half concealing it with his overcoat, he bore it to a table and seated himself. He turned the pages to where "Frothingham" appeared in large letters. There he stopped and read — at first nervously, soon with an attention that shut out his surroundings:

Frothingham — George Arthur Granby Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, ninth earl of Frothingham, Baron de Beauvais, b. at Beauvais House, Surrey, March 9, 1865, s. of Herbert Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, eighth earl of F., and Maria Barstow, 2nd dau. of the Marquess of Radbourne. Succeeded on the death of his father, Aug. 4, 1890.

Allerton studied the coat-of-arms, which originated, in part, in the tenth century, so Burke said. He read on and on through the description of the secondary titles and other honors of his sister-in-law's guest, into the two columns of small type which set forth the history of the Gordon-Beauvais family — its far origin, Godfrey de Beauvais, a great lord in the time of Charlemagne, so Burke declared; its many and curious vicissitudes of fortune, its calamities in old France through the encroachments of the Dukes of Burgundy, which finally drove it, in poverty but with undiminished pride and unabated resolution, to live only by the sword and the tax-gatherer, to England in the wake of William the Conqueror; its restoration there and long and glorious lordship, so glorious that it scorned the titles a mere Tudor or Stuart or German nobody could give until 1761, when it condescended to receive from George III the Earldom of Frothingham. There were places in the narrative so weak that even the adroit and sympathetic Burke could not wholly cover them. But the Milk Street banker saw them not. No child ever swallowed a tale of gnomes and fairies and magic vanishings and apparitions with a mind more set upon being fooled. He read slowly. And when he came to the end he read it through again, and found it all too short.

He started from his trance, glanced at his watch, noted that no attendants were in sight, and stole hastily away from the scene of his orgie. But in his agitation he was guilty of the stupidity of the novice — he left the book on the reading-desk; he left it open at the second page of "Frothingham." An attendant was watching afar off; as soon as Allerton had slipped away he swooped, full of idle yet energetic curiosity.

When he saw that the book was a Burke's Peerage he was puzzled; then he turned back a page and his eye caught the name "Frothingham." Like all Boston, he knew that the Earl was in town, was staying at *the* Mrs. Staunton's, "on the water side of Beacon Street." And like all Boston, he had heard the rumor that the Earl was trying to marry "Celia" Allerton, the second heiress of Boston. Thus, the sight of that name caused a smile of delight to irradiate his fat, pasty face. He looked round for some one to enable him to enjoy his discovery of a great man's weakness by tattling it. He saw Gilson, industriously "loading up" for a lecture on "color in Greek sculpture and architecture."

He hastened to him and touched him on the shoulder. "Come with me," he whispered.

Gilson, a natural gossip, had not lived four years in Boston without becoming adept in the local sign language of his species. He rose and followed to the table whereon was spread the damning proof of Allerton's guilt.

"Look at this," whispered the attendant, pointing to the name "Frothingham."

Gilson looked, first at the page, then at the attendant. His expression was disappointment — he cared not a rap about Frothingham or Burke's genealogical romances.

"But who do you think was sitting here," whispered the attendant, "reading away at this for more than an hour?"

"Frothingham?" said Gilson, in the reading-room undertone. "Those adventurers are always crazy about themselves."

"No — Edward — *Allerton!*" As he hesitated on the name the attendant shot his big head forward; at the climax he jerked it back, regarding the artist with delighted eyes.

"You don't *say* so!" exclaimed Gilson, and then they had a fit of silent laughter.

"Don't give *me* away," cautioned the attendant.

By nine o'clock the next night there was not a member of the Beacon Street set, whether living in Boston or in Brookline or other adjacent suburbs, who had not heard the news; and the mails were carrying it to those at a distance. And wherever it was repeated there was the same result — derision, pretended contempt of such vulgar snobbishness, expressions of wonder that an Allerton had descended to such low trafficking. Of course, none dared tell the Stauntons and the Allertons or Frothingham. But Frothingham, who saw everything through that monocle of his, noted the curious smiles that always greeted him, saw the grins and nudgings and cranings when he and Cecilia Allerton appeared in public.

One of the many rules which Mr. Allerton had established for the guidance of his household in the lines he regarded as befitting the establishment of a gentleman of family and tradition was that Cecilia must be at the half-past seven o'clock breakfast with her father. Usually he did not speak after his brief, formal salutation — a "Good-morning, Cecilia," and a touch of his dry, thin lips to her forehead; but he might wish to speak, and it would be a grave matter if he should wish to speak and no one were there for him to speak to. Besides, he always gave his orders at breakfast — his comments on the shortcomings in the servants or in Cecilia's housekeeping; his criticisms of her conduct. These "breakfasts of justice" were not held often, because Cecilia made few mistakes, and the maids — Allerton kept no men servants but a coachman — had been long in the family service and had therefore been long cowed and trimmed and squeezed to the Edward Allerton mould for menials. But when there was a "breakfast of justice" it was memorable.

Toward the end of the second week of Frothingham's Boston sojourn Mr. Allerton laid aside his paper at breakfast and looked at Cecilia. Agnes, the second waitress, who always attended at breakfast, understood the signal and at once left the room, closing the door behind her. Cecilia gave a nervous little sigh, dropped her eyes and put on the pale, calm expression behind which she hid herself from her father.

"You were at Doctor Yarrow's lecture yesterday afternoon, I believe?" Allerton began.

Cecilia's nerves visibly relaxed as she noted that his voice was not the dreaded voice of justice. "Yes, sir," she replied.

"It was on the evidences of communication with the spirit world, was it not?"

"Yes, sir — the fourth in the series."

"Who accompanied you?"

"Aunt Martha and Lord Frothingham."

There was a pause, then Mr. Allerton coughed slightly and said: "How do you like the young Englishman, Cecilia?"

Cecilia lifted her eyes in a frightened glance that dropped instantly before her father's solemn, rigid gaze. "He's — well-mannered and agreeable," she replied. "I like him as much as one can like a foreigner."

"I'm surprised at your speaking of him as a foreigner. He — in fact, he seems to me quite like one of our own young men, except that he lives upon a higher plane and shows none of the degeneration, the vulgarization, I may say, with which our young men have become infected through the overindulgence of their parents and contact with New York."

Another long pause, and when Allerton spoke there was a suggestion of combating opposition in his voice. "I have been much impressed with the young man. Titles are very deceptive. As you know, I have no regard for them or for the system which produces and maintains them. But, his title aside, the young man comes of a family that has the right sort of blood. You must have noticed the evidences of it in his face and in his manners and character?"

As the statement was put interrogatively, Cecilia knew her duty too well not to reply. "He has a strongly-featured face," she said. "But it seemed to me to indicate rather a race that had been great, but was now — small."

Allerton frowned. "I am sure that, properly established, he would have a distinguished career." He paused, then went on in a tone Cecilia understood and paled before: "It would be most satisfactory to me to have my daughter married to him. I should regard it as satisfactory in every way. You would be established in an honorable and dignified position. You would exert in society and the wider world the influence to which your birth and breeding entitle you. You would maintain the traditions of your family and strengthen his."

Cecilia shivered several times as he was speaking; but when she spoke her low voice was firm. "But father, you know my heart is with Stanley."

Her father looked steadily at her — the look she felt like a withering flame. "I requested you more than two years ago — months before he died — never to mention his name to me and never to think of him seriously again. I repeat, it would be gratifying to me if you were to marry Lord Frothingham. When is he leaving your Aunt Martha's?"

"Next Monday, I believe. He goes down to Brookline — to Mrs. Ridgie."

"You are invited for the same time?"

"Yes."

"I shall expect you to go." Mr. Allerton rose. "I trust, in thinking the matter over, you will appreciate that I am more capable to judge what is best for you than you are, with your limited experience and the narrow views of life and duty not unnatural in youth." He left the room, severe and serene, master of himself and of his household.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE RIVALRY FOR THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP OF THE HOUSE AND THE NOW ASSURED SUCCESS OF THE ADMINISTRATION TRUST MEASURES

THE first two months of the present session of Congress have brought little of the personal or spectacular order. They have been preoccupied with movements rather than with men. The period has been singularly fruitful in developments of momentous and far-reaching importance, but they have not been accompanied by the dramatic incident or the personal scenes which excite and absorb human interest. The actors have not found other occasion for appearance or have waited while the great events were shaping.

There have been two movements of the highest consequence — one in foreign and the other in domestic affairs. The Venezuelan dispute, with the vigorous and successful interposition of our Government, gives a new and living force to the Monroe Doctrine and opens a new chapter, as keen-sighted men perceive, in the relations of our country to the nations of this continent. The evolution of the trust legislation, now reasonably certain to be worked out, has the largest business and political significance at home. Behind the effective management of the first the President has gained stature as a still greater figure. Behind the skillful handling of the second Attorney-General Knox has engaged interest as an acute and deft adviser.

But in Congress the scenic display has been moderate. In the House a single passage at arms between General Grosvenor and Champ Clark has barely suggested the combats which we are wont to look for in that arena. These doughty champions of the two opposing parties are the keenest of antagonists and the best of friends. Each knows the strong points of the other and the weak points in his harness. They thrust each other in public and chum together in private. Their clashes in the House are good practice for their joint debates under the auspices of the lyceum or the Chautauqua, and *vice versa*. Both have sharp wit, ready repartee, large experience and strong forensic power.

General Grosvenor has long been one of the most effective leaders of his party in the House. His aggressive spirit and pungent sarcasm have left their stings, but when it comes to a rough-and-tumble contest on the floor they give him a rare equipment. Champ Clark is making a strong and promising play for the leadership of his side. He had an able competitor in the delegation from his own State of Missouri. Mr. De Armond is a fluent and forceful speaker, with a trained mind and quick penetration, but he is painfully serious. He has no humor and little adaptability, while Champ Clark is full of both. This has given Clark the precedence.

His only real rival on the Democratic side for the Speakership nomination and the recognized leadership is Mr. Williams, of Mississippi. Mr. Williams has decided qualifications for the place. He is facile and fertile. His humor is not so broad and radiant as Champ Clark's, but he has enough to redeem him and it is sometimes subtle and scintillating. He has much of the old style of the florid and exuberant Southern orator, and with his attractive personal qualities it wins a large following. Mr. Clark combines intense earnestness with true bonhomie. He is a stalwart, robust man with a hearty nature, and it gleams in his eyes. He is forceful and vehement as well as humorous and picturesque, and his native original powers are united with literary tastes and marked historical bent. If the leadership of the Democratic side be committed to him he will give it a piquant flavor.

In the Senate the real interest of the session has been behind the scenes rather than on the surface. Nothing has apparently been done, and ample, even superfluous, time has been taken in doing it. Yet it would not be fair to reproach the Senate with wasting time. Perhaps it was best employed. That body has an imposing way of filling the days and weeks with voluble and impressive emptiness before the public while it is privately preparing the way for important conclusions and quick action in the end. It often debates one subject with tedious prolixity while all its thoughts and efforts are centred on another. The cloak-room and the dinner-table are frequently the scenes of its real deliberations rather than the Senate Chamber. The secondary figures occupy the stage while the master spirits are behind the flies arranging for the dénouement.

The languid debate on the omnibus Statehood bill has served the purpose of consuming the time while the plans were being laid for the more vital questions. At one time it seemed that there might be a stormy contest on this subject. Strong personal interests were enlisted for the admission of the Territories and deep feeling against it. But as time passed by interest declined, though it may flame out again, and Senator Quay's bold challenge and defiant ultimatum look as if he reckoned on his votes for the bill even more confidently than his opponents on their majority to side-track it. It is not yet clear what the outcome will be.

Meanwhile, what was little more than an episode served to whet the appetite for the moment. The reappearance of Senator Vest in the field of debate deepened the general regret that his career is coming to an end. Feeble in body, scarcely able to hold himself up, his intellect flamed out with much of

its old brilliancy. He has been one of the most trenchant debaters of his side and at times has blazed forth with a splendor of oratorical power which has enchained the Senate. He was bold, incisive and radical. He neither asked for quarter nor gave it. He did not "mince the sin nor mollify damnation with a phrase"—but what he considered the sin he assailed with unsparing denunciation. Peculiarly strong as an aggressive debater, he flung aside on rare occasions the helmet and sword of the gladiatorial arena and appeared caparisoned only in the lighter and brighter colors of the gentle tourney, and then the glow of his imaginative eloquence charmed all within its spell. The extinguishment of his light will be a distinct loss to the Senate.

What the "Iowa Idea" Means

In the by-play on the tariff—for it was only by-play incident to the exigent coal question—the speech on the Republican side which arrested most attention was that of Senator Dolliver. Naturally, since it was the one speech which struck out of the fixed lines. Senator Dolliver vigorously espoused what has come to be known as "the Iowa idea." That idea is itself rather indefinite. It depends chiefly on the interpreter. In the translation of Governor Cummins it means one thing; in that of Secretary Shaw quite another. In the one case it means early and signal tariff revision; in the other it means delayed and conservative action at the chosen time. Under the one leadership it signifies reciprocal trade arrangements which shall give and take even at some sacrifices; under the other it signifies reciprocity agreements with full home protection.

Senator Dolliver cast in his lot fully with Governor Cummins. This is a declaration which is not without political significance. Governor Cummins is the leader of those Republicans who hold that some of the tariff rates are too high and openly advocate a reduction. They inferentially admit that these rates sustain monopolies and imply that to strike at monopolies we should strike at the tariff. There is nothing in the terms of the Iowa platform, as they stand, to which all Republicans cannot assent. But Governor Cummins puts upon them an interpretation which makes them mean more than they say. Perhaps the interpretation of others makes them say less than they mean. The prevailing Republican sentiment does not go so far as Governor Cummins, but, though holding that there is nothing sacred about the schedules and that they should be governed and modified by conditions of production and price, holds at the same time that revision should be regulated by a conservative spirit and by business security.

Thus "the Iowa idea" may not be altogether harmonious with itself. It is partly economic and partly political. Probably Governor Cummins fully believes in the policy he expounds, and probably also he sees in it a way of making an issue and gaining the leadership of the Republican party in Iowa. In this respect the contest is more political than economic. When Senator Dolliver joins Governor Cummins he gives new force to his view. The junior Senator is less wary and more positive than the senior. During the campaign the astute Senator Allison showed that the Iowa platform is entirely in harmony with the National platform. So it is upon the plain construction of its language, but whose interpretation is to be followed? Senator Allison, with his great experience, his cautious temperament and his adroit methods would avoid an issue. But Senator Dolliver follows Governor Cummins and plants himself with the advanced revisionists. He is a vigorous and courageous advocate and adds strength to any cause he accepts.

On one phase of the question he was partly right and partly wrong. He was right in contending that the Dingley law was framed with a view to reciprocity and in repelling the charge that the contemplation of such a purpose in fixing the rates was a reflection on Mr. Dingley's honor and good faith. Certainly there is nothing in the idea of reciprocity which is open to criticism. It is a legitimate national policy. The door was opened in the McKinley law. The plan was carried out in the Blaine treaties. And if reciprocal trade arrangements are right and wise, it is indisputably legitimate to fix tariff rates so as to prepare the way for them. Senator Dolliver's defense of the policy of putting tariff rates higher than was needful in order to use them to trade on was effective and complete.

But he was wrong in urging that the obligation of reciprocity involves the duty of ratifying the Kasson treaties. Because the Dingley bill was constructed with a view to reciprocal agreements it does not necessarily follow that any particular agreements which may happen to have been made must be confirmed. They are to be judged and determined on their own merits. The general policy is morally obligatory and economically wise. But the measures for carrying it out are matters of detail, and are to be considered with reference to the question whether they are best adapted to the end. If the treaties sacrifice some important interests for the sake of others, it is legitimate to weigh the question whether the gain justifies the loss. If they can be dropped and more advantageous arrangements made, there is no reason why it should not be done.

The anti-trust bill of Senator Hoar was so extreme and radical that much interest attached to his explanation of its assumptions. But his speech was rather a discussion of general trust evils than an exposition of proposed remedies. As an ethical discourse on corporate dangers and needed restraints it was brilliant and impressive. Senator Hoar is never lacking in the elements of moral atmosphere and strong portraiture. But as an analysis of his own measure and a justification of its provisions the speech left something to be desired. His bill was revolutionary in the scope of its governmental supervision of business, in the sweep of its trade prohibitions and inquisitions, in the extent of its individual responsibility and in the character of its personal penalties. There was curiosity to see how he would explain and vindicate these sweeping and searching powers, and his speech did not go so far into these questions as was hoped.

The bill has been spoken of in these articles as monumental, but this was rather because the question it presents is transcendent than because of its own intrinsic importance. The legislation which will be the outcome of the trust agitation will be the supreme measure of the session in its immediate significance and in its future import; but it soon became plain that though Senator Hoar's bill crystallized in drastic form the new idea of governmental control and regulation, it was too extreme for an initial experiment and too theoretical for ultimate attainment.

To the President the Credit

The policy which will prevail is the President's, and the master-hand in shaping the concrete act is the Attorney-General's. The genius and courage of the President initiates a new departure for the country, and the skill and grasp of Mr. Knox as an expert in law and constitutional power give it practical form. They have command of the situation, and to those who can rightly estimate moral forces it has been plain from the first that sooner or later, in one form or another, they would control. It needed the moral insight, energy and purpose of the President to propel the blow. A man of less will and resolution would have dallied with the delicate and difficult question. When he saw the dangers and evils of unregulated corporate power and insisted upon regulation for the public protection, he not only struck the popular chord but touched the root of a subject which involves both public safety and political success.

His deliverances evinced political penetration, sagacity and courage of the highest order; but, beyond and above that, they exhibited the best moral qualities and conscientious and bold devotion to the public welfare. It was not at all surprising that at first the President was a little uncertain of his ground. He was not sure but that a constitutional amendment was required. The question was new, obscure and perplexing. But the one thing he was sure about was that some measure of restraint and regulation must be found, and the problem was to do this without exciting the antagonism of powerful and conservative elements in Congress and especially in the Senate, without alarming legitimate business, without arousing an influential and dangerous hostility.

This problem has been worked out with the persistence of the President, with the skill of the Attorney-General, with the growing perception of the Congressional leaders, and with the ripening sense of the corporate capitalists. The enactment of a law regulating trusts is now accepted as reasonably certain. It will be neither extreme nor ineffective. It will be a rational compromise between doing nothing and doing too much. It will inaugurate the experiment of Government control of corporate combinations within safe limits. Supervision as a part of the work of a responsible executive department and not through a special commission with its overzeal; publicity through reports and thorough inquiries where needful without vexatious interference or unnecessary exposure; the prohibition of rebates or discrimination; the expedition of pending litigation with the enlightenment of the expected decisions—these are the cardinal features.

Under the development of the plan, with the resolute determination behind it, opposition has practically melted away. The skeptical leaders in Congress have yielded to its wisdom. They have come to see that the President's heroic leadership has created a public sentiment which compels legislation. It is fair to them to say that their counsel has moderated action, and has contributed to the evolution of a judicious measure to which they could assent. The result is another striking illustration of the fact that under our American system, with all its conflicts and cross-currents, we work out sound conclusions in the end.

Not the least notable result is the attitude of the corporate interests which are directly affected. It cannot be said that they welcome the proposed legislation, but the wisest and most conspicuous capitalists who direct them have come to acquiesce in it on the ground that it is more prudent to accept moderate and wholesome legislation than to provoke more violent and radical action. Indeed, it is not unlikely they will recognize what other observers perceive, that the measure now undertaken is really in the true interest of sound property and conservative corporations. It protects them against their own temptations and safeguards them against more extreme assaults. It may deter special favoritism and speculative selfishness, but it will conserve healthy business enterprise.

The consummation of this act will be a great triumph for the President. It will be the most signal personal achievement of his administration up to this time, and it will be difficult for him to overmatch it in all the elements of success, no matter what opportunities may come to him. It is distinctly his work. He began it alone. He alone recognized the urgency, saw the way and had the courage. He found a deep but indefinite and disorganized public sentiment, and he crystallized and consolidated it into an irresistible force. He has had able and invaluable help, but the initiative, the inspiration and the momentum were his.

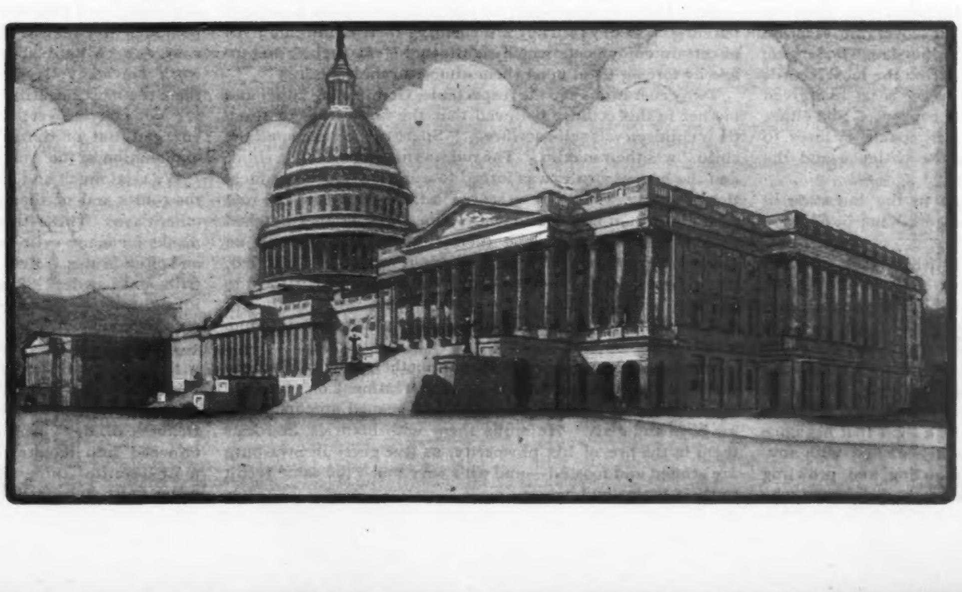
When we consider the difficulties and obstacles—the inherent perplexities of the question, the fear of business disturbance, the skepticism and backwardness of political leaders, the opposition of powerful interests—this speedy and successful solution must be esteemed one of the most striking achievements in our public annals. If it be regarded as a relief from public evils and dangers, it shows bold, penetrating and elevated statesmanship. If it be regarded as a stroke of political policy to remove party perils and disarm ominous cries, it shows strong and masterful leadership. It has been a critical test for President Roosevelt in many ways, and it is now well assured that he successfully passes it.

A Mechanical Envelope-Licker

A MACHINE that will seal from 8000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour will commend itself to large commercial houses, government departments, political committees, and other institutions and organizations that send out mail in great quantities. Such a machine to handle envelopes of any ordinary bulk has recently been invented. Mixed sizes also may be fed to it.

The envelopes are supplied to a hopper, and are carried by an infeed belt and coöperating attachments to a moistening device. The latter holds the flap turned down during a portion of its travel through the intricate mechanism, moistens it and presses it into a sealed position. The envelope is then delivered from the contrivance and is ready to be stamped and mailed.

In large institutions at present the business of sealing letters for the mail is a formidable undertaking. In the Treasury Department, for example, from ten to fifteen thousand letters are deposited daily in the mails. To seal these, the envelopes are placed face downward with their flaps overlapping, and clerks moisten them with paint-brushes dipped in water or paste. Each envelope then must be withdrawn, folded and sealed.



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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Not doing wrong is not doing right.

¶Wit clothed in dialect is wisdom masquerading as folly.

¶Creative wit is rare, but not so rare as the appreciative.

¶Some men keep their word because no one will take it.

¶A battleship that is five years old is as out of date as an egg fried three hours ago.

¶The worst of plagiarists is he who says something which we could have said but didn't.

¶Every man who hears his pet story told by another becomes a firm believer in strict copyright.

¶Instead of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb Providence sometimes toughens the lamb. *Vide*, lamb chops.

¶"The trouble about feeding a man before you reform him," said the nailkeg philosopher, "is that after he is fed he does not want to be reformed."

From the Frying-Pan to the Fire

A GOOD many people laughed at a Chicago man when he began to collect statistics to discover the relation between divorce and bad cooking. But they laugh no longer; for the ingenious Chicagoan has shown from the local records that in no less than one-fourth the divorce cases in a given period the avowed cause was the wife's cookery. She either cooked badly herself or permitted her cook's failures to undermine the digestion, the strength, the patience and the temper of her husband.

These wonderful facts call attention to the low state in which the art of housekeeping still lingers — not in Chicago alone, but wherever the free flag floats.

Our ancestors were content with the fried steak and the burnt potato, with the greasy flapjack and the dish-water coffee — first, because they worked hard in the open air and so had digestive apparatuses that ground like the mills of the gods; second, because they didn't know any better. But we are not thus content. We go to restaurants where the cookery is done fairly well. We travel on Pullman trains where the things served are up to a fair average. And a man who has once tasted good cooking becomes like a tiger that has once tasted human blood — he is never again satisfied with anything else, but goes grumbling and scowling and prowling until he finds what he seeks. In like manner the man who has once seen a well-managed, attractively furnished home is never content until he has one himself.

One of the curses of our imperfect, unformed though forming civilization is a certain uppishness that makes men and women foolishly discontented, that makes them talk and think much on false and silly ideas of their own dignity and deserts. This curse is a passing matter, doubtless inevitable; but it is serious while it lasts. It makes men careless at their work; it makes women careless at theirs. The man is peevish because he has a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job instead of the presidency of the company. The woman is fretful because she has to help or do her own work instead of spattering mud on the masses from the wheels of her own chariot. The men are kept in order somewhat because they have an unfeeling employer over them; but the women are not thus monitored, are free to give way to their discontent — and they, being human, do give way.

Hence this general tilting of feminine noses and curling of feminine lips at such "vulgar" things as housekeeping. It must busy itself with higher things — such, for example, as aping and envying the silly idle rich, as spending upon alleged artistic trash all the surplus income, as sighing and striving after show and pretense — in fact, anything but the plain, homely work in hand.

The true theory of marriage is a partnership on equal terms for a safe and comfortable journey through a world in which the ideal is hard and fast inclosed in a bristling burr of the material. To this partnership the man gives his ability as an income-getter, the woman her ability as a home-maker. On the good ship Matrimony not husband or wife is captain and pilot, but Love; and husband and wife are his hard-working crew; and if they don't work, each at the equally important duties, smash goes the ship on the rocks.

If the men had the housekeeping end of the work they would in all probability fall even further short of perfection than do the women. There is not anywhere in organized society an occupation that can absorb more intelligence, skill, energy and patience than housekeeping. Perhaps that's why men discreetly leave it in the hands of the women. But is it not strange that they do not rise more rapidly to their opportunities, that they do not develop the great science and art which the world looks to them to elevate and improve? Is it not a reproach to any woman that a mere restaurant can set a better table than she can, that any mere hotel can be more comfortable, better ordered, better cleaned and dusted than her house?

If the average woman worked as many hours each day at her housekeeping — thinking, doing and superintending — as her husband thinks he works at income-getting, there would be cobwebs on the divorce calendars, and, thanks to the women, men and women would be marching forward to the millennium quickstep.

It is important that men educate themselves. It is more important that the women, the mothers and counselors and inspirers of men, educate themselves — in that only true education which teaches that as the secret of the mystery of the universe lies hid in the "flower in the crannied wall," so does the mystery of progress and happiness lie hid in the small, homely things which the ignorant call trivial and vulgar.

Cheating the Children

ONE of our multi-millionaires who began life as a poor lad and did not succeed until middle age is said to enjoy the fun and luxury which his money brings him like a hot-headed boy. He goes to balls and the play incessantly; he buys pictures, yachts, automobiles, and exults and rejoices loudly in each, until he becomes a bore to his blasé companions.

"How can you find so much pleasure in such things?" one of them asked him the other day.

"Because they are new to me. Remember that I had nothing when I was a boy," he answered.

Isn't there a significant hint here to well-to-do American parents of to-day? They are cheating their children's lives of certain enjoyments which rightfully belong to their mature age by forcing them upon them almost in their cradles.

Two generations ago the respectable, God-fearing father and mother in this country believed that the first virtue to teach their children was self-sacrifice. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was their maxim. The rod was not spared to the child, and the boy, as a rule, was forced to work hard for his education or living. Money was scarce in those days, and the root idea of religion was asceticism. Emerson's mother laughed at him when he winced at their clothes in winter and an always empty stomach. What was cold or hunger, she cried, when Greek or philosophy could be conquered? Down to old age his body showed the scars of that cruel neglect in childhood; but he and his cult always glorified the Roman virtue of his mother.

Where will you find such Roman mothers now? We have gone to the other extreme in our treatment of children. Money is plenty. The "old man" has heaped up enough for his boys and girls. He stuffs them with luxuries, he roasts them in the fire of his prosperity, as live geese in Strasburg are stuffed and roasted — and with very much the same result to their brains and hearts.

Other nations are wiser. The heir to an English dukedom is kept in the nursery until he is old enough to go to Eton and be thumped and mauled by other boys. A royal princess of ten eats her boiled mutton and pudding with her governess at noon, and wears clothes as simple as those of any farmer's child. They never hear of "Society," although they are being trained to rule over it.

The child of the wealthy American at two years old is probably a competitor in a Baby Show at Asbury Park, arrayed in satin and lace and stared at by thousands. Or if her parents are a little too well-bred for that they take her to hotels in summer or scamper over Europe with her until she is grown. She is, as a rule, overdressed and self-conscious. She has at twelve the jewels, the manners and the effrontery of a middle-aged woman.

In all our large towns the children of wealthy parents have their theatre and card parties, their cotillons and balls, for which little boys engage their partners days in advance, and provide them with bouquets of costly roses. Their talk is of flirtations and engagements — a feeble parody of the feeble doings of their elders.

Now, is this state of things fair to the boys and girls?

At ten they are cheated out of the fun of childish games, out of the relish for plain food, out of the joyous ignorance, the dreams, the innocence which belong to childhood; and at thirty they are cheated out of all enjoyment or the pleasures of middle age because they were satiated with them when they wore kilts.

What the Rough Hands Show

IT IS now pretty well settled that this country has attained the leadership of the world. Lord Charles Beresford admits it, Mr. Carnegie proclaims it, and the figures show it. Nor is there anything in the prospect to endanger our preëminence. We have the supplies to feed the world, we have the raw materials, and we have the manufactories to turn them into clothing, steel and other products that fit human needs. On other continents are vast resources, but the simple fact is that this country is a hundred years ahead of them in turning its advantages into machinery and wealth.

But we should not be too proud. It is a favorite figure of the poets to show that the man or nation that climbs to the greater heights must bear the penalties of prominence. Below are the cold jealousies of rivals who can see the defects of the one who has surpassed them with shining clearness. A peacock is a beautiful bird until he stands on a fence and shows his feet or tries to sing. So our very prominence has brought into light some of the misfortunes which we might hide were we content to sit idly on the shady side of progress.

We think we are a well-dressed people, but we are not. We think we know how to eat, but we bolt our meals and spend enough on dyspepsia medicine to convert the heathen. We think we have free government, but we bow to plundering politicians as though they were absolute monarchs of our lives and thoughts. Thus it goes until we find ourselves clinging to the main fact that the almighty dollar is running the world, and that we are sitting on the top of the rim.

In one thing especially we are lacking. Foreigners comment upon it every day. They have columns in their newspapers and reviews every week. They write letters about it constantly. It is so firmly fixed in their thoughts that they tell it to our faces. We have no leisure class. Leisure please, not laziness or worthlessness or do-nothingness, but the fine art of employing time without employment. Go to the clubs of most of our cities throughout the day and you will find them empty. Go to the assembling places of men where trade is tabooed and you will not find a real man on hand. They are always somewhere doing something, and in order to get in shape for functions or for the evening chat many of them are obliged to use hard brushes and common soap to remove the stain and grime of the day.

A very lovely woman gazed upon the somewhat reddened hands of the man who sat beside her at dinner. He very sheepishly said that he wished he could have left his hands at home for they looked and felt like two beets. They had, of course, been hard at work all day — they had been hard at work for many days. The lovely woman said, "I see in them the most beautiful thing in the world — power." (They are not married yet; so far as we know they are not even engaged, but of course they will be.) In a way this is an explanation of the American leadership of which we boast.

We read much and hear much of the elegant manners of the courts and of the powdered and low-bowing customs of other days. These thin speeches and idle forms were but masks for many evils, as at heart the old dandies were cads and often brutes. Real manhood and womanhood do not need frills and powder. Time is so valuable in this world that idling, whether it is spent in scholarly leisure or in pure laziness, is a sin.

Thus acknowledging our deficiencies we may swing back with greater satisfaction to the beauty and nobility of hard work and of the power which the rough hand shows. Frankly, we would rather have what we have than all the elegance and richness of dressing and nimbleness of wit that could be crowded into the drawing-rooms and clubs. Power is the most beautiful thing in the world — except love — and it is never quite so beautiful as when expressed in useful work.

LETTERS BY THE WAY

Telephone and Telegraph Trials

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS
Author of The Man of Putty, etc.

EN ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS.

Dear Reader: The best thing about writing to you informally this way is that I can say anything that comes into my head. Now, if you had written to me asking my autograph I should have felt obliged to limit my answer to my signature, but as I write here with mile after mile of landscape reeling past me and telegraph poles pursuing each other with a regularity that is monotonous I feel that one subject is as good as another.

Speaking of telegraph poles reminds me that up in some parts of New England they called them telephone poles because there are more telephone than telegraph wires.

There! My subject has come to me. Which gives one the more annoyance: telegrams or the telephone?

If you live in a far-off country place the casual telegram is more expensive, but less irritating, because, as a general thing, you are not gasping for air and expiring of heat when you receive it; but, on the other hand, although you can telephone to thousands on your own circuit at fifteen cents a message, the refinements of cruelty to which "Central" will subject you are enough to give the telephone first place.

Suppose you have five minutes in which to get a man in New York who leaves his office at the stroke of five with the precision of a machine. Perhaps you want to tell him you have decided to take his country house for next summer during his absence abroad. It is five minutes to five when you call him up and hang up the receiver. One, two, three minutes pass and then in an agony of impatience you call Central and hastily explain your position. She cuts you off when half through with the cold cry of "Busy." It is a cold cry, but it does not cool you in the least. You have been shut up in a hermetically sealed hole that stands right next to the radiators and your thoughts are on the poor wretches in the Calcutta one.

Another minute and the bell tinkles and you get your man. No, it is his stenographer. You speak hastily and say, "Stop Mr. Blank; I want to speak to him." The answer comes back, "He has just left the office, but I'll get him in the hall. Hold the wire." Five hours pass. Time is only relative and your sufferings in that pit of Tophet make it really seem like five days. From time to time Central says "Through?" and each time you snap at her like a man with hydrophobia.

At last you hear the voice of the stenographer breathless and annoyed. "He's gone. I followed him down in the next elevator but he had stepped on a trolley a minute before. Anything important?"

"Yes, I wanted to tell him that I will take that house next summer."

"Oh, you're Mr. Myles. Why, that's too bad. He waited until a minute past five and then he said he guessed you didn't want it and he's gone out to tell Mr. Schuyler he can have it. Too bad."

Too bad! Central says in that irritating voice of hers, "Through?" and you yell "Yes" at her and shut off. Too bad!!! Maddened by prickly heat you sulphurize the air of the box and then fling open the door and stagger out into the sweet sunshine, and a voice says, "You had it ten minutes. Seventy cents."

But the worst of the telephone annoyances is the "cut off." Bell invented the telephone but the devil invented the cut-off, and I hope he's sorry for it by this time.

Let me tell you. Last year I was called up on the telephone by an artist friend in New York, Velasquez Hopkinson. I had a little difficulty in getting his name as it seemed as if every trolley car in the East was buzzing over the 'phone, but at last I made it out and he said, "Myles, there's going to be a little dinner to-morrow in honor of Rembrandt Smith and eight or ten artists will be there and we want you to join us. Every guest is to receive a little water-color by Smith as a souvenir and La Farge is going to make a speech, and we want you to come and look solemn. Can you do it?"

"I sure can," said I. "The La Farge part is the best of it next to the water-colors—and the dinner. Who else is going to be there?"

"Well, there's (no, no, Central)—there's Inniss Junior and Murphy and McCord and Crane and Curran and a lot of the boys. Get there at seven and never mind evening clothes. Come in your smoking-jacket if you haven't anything else. It'll be the greatest dinner of—shut up, Central——"

Again the hum of trolleys and then silence.

Now, he shouldn't have spoken that way to Central, and I suppose she cut him off as a rebuke, but just out of curiosity I wanted to know where that dinner was going to be held—you know a fellow *will* sometimes have an uncontrollable longing for some footy bit of knowledge—so I called up Central and asked her to get me my friend again.

"What was his number?" said a voice.

What was his number! What a question. I didn't know his number. Didn't know he had a number. He was an artist, not a policeman. I said as much, and then I was made to realize that I was an ass when I was asked for his 'phone number. But of course I didn't know that, either. I couldn't find his name in the directory and I didn't have any idea where he lived.

Not till a week later did I meet Velasquez Hopkinson in New York. He asked me why in thunder I disappointed them. He was most sorry when he learned that the telephone was the cause of it, and he sent me the water-color I should have received, and now it hangs in my parlor a souvenir of a dinner that I didn't attend.

So much for telephones. Now let me tell you of a telegraph annoyance before I stop writing. This car joggles so that I doubt if I can read what I have written.

Some years ago I lived in a little hill town up in Connecticut. I was not a millionaire *then* and a dollar meant a shoe for James or perhaps two rubbers for Betsinda. It didn't mean fun, let me tell you. It never meant fun in those days, and as for its meaning a luxury I could not have imagined such a thing—even during my inventive hours.

I lived three or four miles from the nearest telegraph office and the W. C. T. U. charged a dollar for delivering messages. Therefore I told editors and friends not to wire me unless it was of the primest importance.

One day I received a letter from a friend in the West. He said he was on his way to Boston and he wanted to spend a night with me and talk over old times.

Well, I was glad. I had plenty of chickens and the spare bed was left me by a luxury-loving aunt, so it was soft. I could feed him and sleep him without paying out a cent. Not that I didn't have a cent. Counting the money in the baby's bank I had one hundred and twenty-three cents.

The day dawned on which my friend was to come and to my great sorrow it was raining pitchforks. He knew the April roads for he had lived in Connecticut when he was a boy, and I knew perfectly well that his asthma would not allow him to attempt to come. I was sincerely sorry, but I said to Mrs. Myles, "Lucky it is raining so very hard because he won't think of telegraphing. He knows I sha'n't expect him in this rain."

Along about the middle of the afternoon, while I was wondering whether the clouds of all sorts were ever going to break away, I saw a bedraggled boy on a bedraggled horse painfully wading through the slough that they dignify by the name of road—because a road means civilization and a slough doesn't.

I recognized the telegraph messenger while he was yet a great way off and I said to Mrs. Myles, "The worst has happened. One dollar to the telegraph trust."

Just ten words, ten unnecessary words for which I was about to pay a dollar. No shoe for James, no two rubbers for Betsinda.

Fifty cents was in my Sunday trousers; twenty-five in Mrs. Myles' purse. That was all we had. But there was the baby's bank. Dear little baby. What is home without a baby—and her bank?

I got it out in the usual way. I used to buy hairpins by the dozen in those days, and there was as I had thought forty-eight cents—one hundred and twenty-three cents in all.

I don't know what mad whim led me to do it, but when I handed the boy the dollar for the telegraph company I also handed him twenty-three cents as a tip.

After all, what's twenty-three cents on a rainy day?

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Loomis' Letters. The next will appear in an early number.

Between the Lines

ONE of the oddities of fiction and fiction readers is the frequent alleged identification of imaginary characters with real persons. When Sir Gilbert Parker published The Seats of the Mighty serially his hero was named Stebo. The name was not euphonious and in the book it was changed to Moray. Thereupon the voice of one crying in the wilderness was heard from a distant Kansas town. The owner of the voice wrote the author that Captain Stebo who figured in the Canadian campaigns described in the story was his grandfather with several "greats." He had read the account of his honored ancestor with much zest. But now in the book his ancestor was abolished, and a stranger reigned in his place and appropriated his exploits. Therefore, the writer inquired pathetically what had become of his grandfather.

Not long since Miss Sara Beaumont Kennedy received a letter from a lady in Memphis who had read a novel by Miss Kennedy portraying Revolutionary days in North Carolina. The writer recognized a revered grandmother in the heroine and wrote an appreciative acknowledgment. But Miss Kennedy was forced to reply that the ancestor was unknown to her and the heroine was wholly fictitious.

Concerning Corrections

When Stephen Crane published The Red Badge of Courage it was supposed at first by many readers that he was a veteran, tried by fire. This delusion took firm root in England when the book became known, and it is even said that he was spoken of as General Crane. Incidentally, there was much dispute as to the exact battle which he had in mind in writing his book. As a matter of fact, he had seen nothing of war when he wrote, but in his reading his attention had been arrested by the bloody conflict of Chancellorsville, and it was this which formed the basis of the imaginary conflict in the book. Later, in Cuba, this young civilian shared in actual warfare and showed himself devoid of fear.

A change which represents a tale was made by Rudyard Kipling in one of his verses. In his noble poem, The Song of the English, he pictures the various colonial cities greeting the motherland. In the verse on Quebec he suggested her as looking down from supreme heights on corruption below, meaning political immorality in the United States. It is said that an American friend gently but firmly reminded the author that though New York political history might be discreditable, that of Quebec was likewise vulnerable. New York had Tweed, but it was shown that patriotic Canadians had no reason to be proud of certain similar experiences in the civic life of Quebec. Mr. Kipling saw the force of the argument, and when the poem appeared in The Seven Seas the verse was changed. The Venezuela message which was made public at about that time gave an opportunity for the substitution of a defiant note. But it must be added that in the English edition the original version remained.

In one way or another the author of to-day is apt to be concerned with very practical affairs. There are two local booksellers in Sayville, Long Island, a little town which is the home of Miss Louise Forssland, author of a recent novel. The booksellers were fired with local pride and entered into a keen rivalry to secure the first copies of the new book by their townswoman. For some reason only one received the books and the other was left lamenting, but not for long. He promptly betook himself to the author, explained the accidental delay, and persuaded her to write an explanation in her own hand, stating that he had sent an early order for the books, that the fault lay elsewhere, and that the books would be received and supplied shortly. This autographic explanation was posted conspicuously in the dealer's window and doubtless his reputation was vindicated.

Hall Caine's Next Novel

After various studies of the elemental passions, a novel of the new Christianity as it were, and another of the new democracy, Mr. Hall Caine, it is said, is to deal with the drink problem in his next novel, which will be due possibly in a year. He is described as peculiarly eloquent over the tyranny of alcohol, particularly in London, and those who have seen the crowded gin-shops of the metropolis and the drinking habits of the poor will realize that there is ample material. It is reasonably certain that the novelist will

not confine himself to the slums, since the habits of the West End furnish texts, and possibly New York may be included. He once went slumming in New York with a newspaper reporter, but he found the situation mild as compared with London.

It is probable, indeed reasonably certain, that Mr. Caine would be recognized by more passers-by on the streets of New York than Mr. Howells or Mr. Aldrich. His striking appearance attracts attention and the caricaturists as well as the photographers have helped in his identification. The story is told that Mr. Caine boarded a street car in New York and presently became conscious of the intent regard of the conductor. After a little the conductor approached him: "Is this Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist?" and being reassured on this point he explained that he was a reader and admirer, and expressed the conventional desire to shake hands. Whether his emotion led him to overlook the prosaic ceremony of fare-taking the deponent has nothing to say.

Mr. Caine has returned to England, and presently he will be installed again in Greeba Castle, which with its terraces and broad stairways has a rather more effective appearance in photographs than in reality. It stands at the base of a broad hill. The zest of landed proprietorship grows upon the author, who is likely to become one of the largest landowners of the Isle of Man.

De Wet and Sargent

One of the stories which has recently come from London indicates that the reconstructed Boer will hold his own in the new South African order if native shrewdness counts. When the English publisher of General De Wet's book was planning its various features he hit upon the idea of a portrait by the most successful portrait painter of the day—John S. Sargent. Obviously it is not an easy matter to secure the services of a man so sought after as Mr. Sargent, but after more or less diplomacy the matter was arranged. Mr. Sargent presumably receives from $10,000 upwards for his regular portraits, and the publisher felt that he had embarked upon a large enterprise. The unconquered De Wet was informed of the arrangement. He failed to be impressed, but at the appointed time accompanied the publisher to the renowned painter's studio. Everything was in readiness. De Wet was asked to pose, but he showed a reluctance which was finally explained when he blurted out, "What am I to be paid for this?" The publisher's horror may be imagined. That any one should ask to be paid for having his portrait painted by Sargent was an impossible idea. Nevertheless, the sturdy warrior took the matter seriously and it is hinted that he won in this skirmish, as he usually did in the field, but affidavits are lacking.

The dangers of relationship to a genius are illustrated anew in the case of Mrs. Fleming. Her name means probably nothing to the average reader, and yet Mrs. Fleming is the author of an interesting novel which was published in this country as well as in England. In the latter country there has just been issued a volume of poems called Hand to Hand Verses by a Mother and Daughter. They are said to be good verses. This in itself means little, nor will it help the verses greatly when it is known that they are by the mother and sister of Rudyard Kipling. Mrs. Fleming, of course, is the sister. Her novel was received with a hardly veiled protest, as if there were an attempt to profit by his fame. As a matter of fact, the novel was quite able to stand alone, and this is true doubtless of the verses.

A German on German Ambitions

Apropos of the Venezuela complications, it is of interest to find in Wolf von Schierbrand's recent book on Germany one of the warning notes familiar to those who have heard the intimate conversations of our naval officers. The author asks, "Has Germany absolutely relinquished those old but never more than half-formed designs upon West Indian and South American territory? Does she consider herself bound, under all circumstances, to abide by that interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which rests not so much upon the vigorous yet withal conservative enunciation recently made by President Roosevelt as upon that somewhat hazy yet tangible and more far-reaching idea of it held by the larger half of the American people?" On the literary side it may be said that the situation must have attracted the interested attention of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who has found in South America so congenial a field for his romantic and adventurous heroes.

A Life Struggle

(Continued from Page 3)

futility of her efforts to escape the visions that haunted her vigils and her sleep. She declared that during the night she received orders which she had tried to resist, but which she obeyed, for she no longer had any hope of escaping from them by entering a convent. She assured me that she was now engaged in the fulfillment of the latest order which she had received, that she had just returned from Scotland where she had quitted the last refuge where she thought to recover her peace of soul, that she was bound to go to Eletot, and that she was equally constrained to beg me to accompany her thither.

The Final Attainment of Peace

"Do you remember," said she, "that when we went to see Cardinal Jacobini a man of imposing appearance entered? It was Ledochowski, and it is he who has done me the greatest harm which I have ever experienced in all my life. He appeared to me first as an archangel bound to cure all my wounds. I have seen him since and told him all my tortures, entreating him to confess me. My admiration for him appeared to irritate him, he refused to become my director, and one day when I insisted that he should protect me against myself, he rose up suddenly, extending his hand, and showed me the door, exclaiming:

"'Away, away, cursed woman, for when you cross my threshold you shake my soul with the terror of everlasting punishment!'

"I quitted him and since then have felt that I was abandoned of Heaven and destined to irremediable destruction."

We reached Eletot. Eletot is a little village not far from the sea, which a great plain behind the church separates from the waters of the Channel. To reach the plain you have to pass behind the church, a characteristic little Roman church of the sort to be seen along this coast. We abandoned the carriage at the entrance of the village. I had been there but rarely, and never stopped there, but Eloa seemed to know the place perfectly. She took the path which, behind the church, leads into the plain bordering the sea. She crossed the corn and wheat fields at the edge of the plain. For a few moments she gazed at the steeple of St. Pierre en Port that emerged on the right from the verdure of the hills. She shook her head, and turning, while she gazed upon the sea, her arms outstretched, exclaimed:

"Yes, I know where I am; this is the spot. It is here I am to find him of whom I am in search and who is in search of me. Ah, yes, it is here; I run to him."

Then, turning to me:

"Thank you, thank you," she exclaimed. "You have guided me to him, and he — he means rest."

Then, her arms outstretched, her figure, as it were, magnified by a superhuman effort, she dashed forward across the plain. The plain stops suddenly at the edge of a precipitous cliff high over the sea, and thus it is that this marvelous expanse of water has never been utilized and that the point where meet this plain and sea seems to be haunted by a spirit of solitude and aridity.

Eloa had dashed thither, running with extraordinary speed toward the eastern edge of the plain, where stakes and a wire fencing have been fixed to prevent accidents by a fall into the sea when with the rising tide the waters bathe the base of the cliff. Before I had recovered from my surprise Eloa was some six hundred feet ahead of me. So rapidly had she dashed forward that the breeze had detached one after another from her hat-brim the great black ostrich feathers, and as she bounded on, her arms outstretched, her skirts floated about her like wings, while the feathers of her hat, borne up by the wind, marked strangely the madness of her flight. I tried to overtake her. It was all in vain. I had not gained upon her half the distance when I saw that she had reached the edge of the cliff; then for a moment she stopped, looked all about her, flung upon the air a horrid cry of anger and despair, and as quick as a flash traversed the wire paling which protects the passers-by against a fall into the sea.

Out of breath I gained the spot. I gazed all about me. I passed beyond the circle delimited by the wire hedge. I scrutinized the waves that rose and fell gently under my feet. I beheld nothing, nothing, nothing. The surface of the sea wore its habitual aspect. Merely the ostrich feathers borne upon the wind flitted across the great expanse

as if drawn outward and downward to the sea. Two men strolling along by the wire fence came up to me.

"You are looking for something?"

"Yes," I replied. "It seems to me that I beheld here on the edge of the cliff outside the wire hedge a person with outstretched arms. Have you seen anything?"

The two men looked at one another.

"We have seen nothing," they said, "yet we have been all the time near by."

And once again we three scrutinized the sea. The two men went their way. I lingered on for a long time still, wandering by the brink. I cried, I called: no voice came back to mine, no sign rewarded my search. And never since, in spite of my investigations, in spite of my despairing researches, never since, either dead or alive, have I been able to discover the slightest trace of her capable of explaining to me either the enigma of her life or the key to her death.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in M. de Blowitz' Recollections.

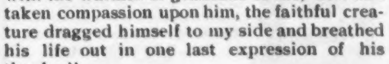
A Dog's Gratitude

THE appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, as Minister to Switzerland, calls to mind an incident of his university days which has never been made public before, and sheds an interesting light upon a trait in his character which but few of his friends appreciate. This is his love for animals, especially dogs. While Doctor Hill was President of the University of Rochester he owned a beautiful Irish setter of which he was exceedingly proud, and the two were seldom seen apart. Occasionally the dog would bring a friend to the house, and was never disappointed in the manner of its entertainment. One dark and stormy night late in November Doctor Hill was reading in the hall of his home when he was arrested by a sound of scratching against the storm-house door. Thinking that perhaps his Irish setter had been shut out in the rain and cold, he arose and threw open the portal. A drenched and sorry figure stood in the glare of the light. It was an aged dog, of the breed of the doctor's favorite, but worn and weak with hunger and exposure. It stood half crouching, and wagging its drooping tail with hesitating and doubtful motion. Touched by the helplessness of the animal, Doctor Hill called it in, made it lie down in front of the fire and then with his own hands gave it something to eat. The food was devoured ravenously, and after every scrap had been consumed the thankful old setter rubbed its scarred muzzle against its host's hand. Doctor Hill decided to keep it for a while, at least, and gave orders that it should be treated with kindness and consideration. But its stay was not destined to be long continued, for one day it fell sick, and lay in the kitchen by the fire, growing weaker hour by hour.

On a night Doctor Hill sat at the desk in his study deeply immersed in work when he was aroused by a faint scratching at the door, like that which had taken him to the storm house three nights before. He arose and opened the door. Tottering and swaying, the wasted tramp dragged its feet inside with an heroic but difficult wag. Doctor Hill went back to his desk and was soon buried in the depths of work. Thus he sat in the rim of light from his reading-lamp for an hour. Of a sudden he felt a pressure on his foot. Looking down, he saw the old dog lying at "charge," with his weary head resting on his friend's foot.

Something in the attitude struck the student, and he leaned forward and touched the quiet muzzle. Then he lifted it. It dropped back limp and inert. The old dog was dead.

"The tears sprang to my eyes," said Doctor Hill when he told the story afterward. "My heart was never more deeply touched. I thought I understood dog nature before, but after that I saw that I had but reached the threshold. Driven through the world with kicks and cuffs, worn and weary, the dying dog knew his end was approaching, and with the warmth of gratitude to me, who had taken compassion upon him, the faithful creature dragged himself to my side and breathed his life out in one last expression of his thanks."



THE NEW MEMBER

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.
Committee to Elevate the Condition of Labor.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE been elected to membership in the Tantalus Club, and a few nights ago I attended my first meeting of that body of congenial spirits. The Tantalus Club is an organization composed of Republican kindergartners—that is, men who are serving their first terms. It originated in the fertile brain of Sam Powers, one of the Boston members, who, coming here two years ago, soon learned that there was nothing for a kid member to do except sit around and listen while the old fellows were talking, and to vote as he was told. Powers, who is a successful lawyer, and did not relish the idea of being treated like a schoolboy and simply talking when the teacher allowed him, thought he might as well get some fun out of Washington life, and proposed to the new members that they found a dining club, where they could meet once a month and have a jolly good time.

The first dinner this session was given in honor of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, General Henderson, and the other men who a few months ago for a week or so amused themselves with the belief that they were really in the Speakership race. Payne, of New York; Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Littlefield, of Maine; Burton, of Ohio; and Babcock, of Wisconsin, were the other Speakership candidates who were invited, and who were not only toasted but were beautifully roasted from beginning to end.

The man who was put over the hottest coals and kept there longest was Charlie Littlefield, of Maine, the successor of Dingley, the famous tariff specialist, the "new man from Maine," as he is called here. Everything that was said was in good part but with a "tang" that made it bite, and I observed an undercurrent of feeling against Littlefield that rather surprised me. This was especially noticeable when Henderson got up to reply to his health, and for about ten minutes most delicately and scientifically flayed the Maine man. I sat next to Beidler, of Ohio, and asked him what it all meant. "The cheapest way for a man to gain notoriety is to differ with his party," was Beidler's terse reply. Then I understood. Later that evening, I got up alongside Gaines, of West Virginia. Gaines was the chairman of the special committee appointed by the club to report on the qualifications of the candidates for the Speakership, and who brought in a witty report that hit off the weaknesses of the various candidates. There were six members of this committee and each member made a mock speech advocating the claims of the candidate whom he placed in nomination, but in reality holding him up to good-natured ridicule. "When our committee got together," said Gaines, "to divide up the work, every man made a bid for Littlefield. They all wanted to take a crack at him."

All of which shows that it is a dangerous thing in Washington for a man to try to kick over the party traces. Littlefield came here three years ago to fill out the vacancy caused by Dingley's death. He is a born fighter, and one of the first things he did after taking his seat was to differ with his party on the Roberts case.

Roberts, you remember, was the Mormon Congressman elected from Utah. The House did not regard it as a good example for the rising generation to permit a Mormon to be a member of Congress, and it was determined not to allow him to take the oath. A special committee, of which Littlefield was a member, was appointed to investigate the matter. Inasmuch as Roberts was a Democrat and the House was Republican, it was known in advance that he stood no show, because it is the custom here to decide contests on their politics and not on their merits. When Littlefield was made a member of this committee he startled every one by announcing that his vote would be governed solely by the evidence and politics would not influence him in the slightest. As a result of his investigations Mr. Littlefield recommended that Roberts be seated and then expelled, but as it requires two-thirds of the House to expel a member and only a majority to refuse to permit him to take the oath, the Republicans, fearing they could not command the necessary two-thirds, decided to take no chances and declined to allow him to be sworn in. Some of the best lawyers in the House tell me that Littlefield was right and the other members of the committee were wrong, but

the old stagers thought it was establishing a mighty bad precedent to countenance a man who had just entered the House in raising a fuss and disregarding the commands of the political leaders.

A little later he differed with his party on Porto Rico, claiming that Porto Rico was domestic territory and not subject to the tariff, and he carried his convictions to the extreme of voting with the Democrats against the bill. In the last session Mr. Littlefield was the leader of the opposition to Cuban reciprocity. He had nerve enough to fight the Administration from start to finish, and he made the fight with such ability that although the bill passed the House it was loaded down with an amendment that made it so odious to the Senate that it has never been acted upon. During the excitement of that debate, when the President was using all his influence to have the House pass the bill, a man made a remark one day at the White House about Littlefield, to which Mr. Roosevelt replied:

"Littlefield, Littlefield; why, he is an off ox, but apparently an off ox that must be considered."

That sums him up in a sentence. He is a good deal of an off ox and can prove very obstreperous at times, but he is honest and square, fights in manly fashion, has ability, makes a lucid, convincing speech, and pours out a stream of words at the rate of two hundred a minute. The members of the House may not like him, and some members both old and new may sneer at him because he has had the courage on more than one occasion to break from his party, but they realize that he is a man who will be heard from before he is many years older. He is only fifty-one, although he looks much younger, and is one of those rare men with an insatiable appetite for work and for acquiring knowledge.

Beveridge and Littlefield are much alike in at least one respect. They are both, it is easy enough to see, consumed with limitless ambition; but Beveridge succeeds where Littlefield fails; Beveridge is "mentioned" as a Presidential candidate and Littlefield is laughed at when he aspires to the Speakership.

We were talking about that in the committee-room yesterday and Bob Nevins, of Ohio, told a story. At one time the candidates for prosecuting attorney in his county were a young fellow just out of law school and a man with grown-up children. The young fellow was having everything his own way, telling stories and kissing the babies, and his rival's manager saw that his candidate was beaten unless he made himself more popular, and he suggested to him that he kiss a few babies the first time the opportunity presented itself. Shortly afterward he went to a Sunday-school celebration and with his manager's injunction in mind dutifully kissed all the small children, and then, having started in on his gay career, jocularly told the young women teachers that he was sorry he couldn't kiss them as well. That remark his opponent got hold of, told every one what a desperate flirt the old man was, and the good people of the county were so shocked that they snowed him under at the polls. "Which proves," said Nevins in conclusion, "that everything in this world is luck—just pure, sheer, unadulterated luck."

"Say rather opportunity," said the scholarly Hitt. "You remember what Goethe says: 'Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves.'"

After listening to "Joe" Cannon I have some doubts as to whether Nevins and Hitt are not wrong. Cannon made the principal speech at our dinner. He is a typical middle-class American. Do not think I am sneering when I talk about a "middle-class" American, but we might just as well be sensible between ourselves and frankly confess that there are classes in this boasted land of the free and equal; classes and distinctions of society just the same as there are in other countries. There is a middle class exactly as there is an upper and a lower class, and some men, no matter what the accidents of position or place, always remain in the middle class and never get in the upper. Probably one is more impressed with that in Washington than anywhere else. Certainly I never realized it at home, but I am forced to say I cannot help realizing it since I have been in Washington. Cannon belongs to the middle class and is representative of that great, respectable, solid stratum of society which is the foundation of the Republic. He is an honest, useful, industrious man, who has made his place by sheer hard work, whose imagination will never be great enough to lead him into a path of peril, and who has, as the French say, all the defects of his qualities.

Cannon came to Washington twenty-eight years ago. He is now sixty-six, but he doesn't look his age by at least ten years. He is a small, spare man, with a reddish beard streaked with gray, which in the old days straggled about his face in a manner that showed he visited his barber only at occasional intervals when he happened to remember there was such a thing as a barber. Since the beginning of this session, and it has been settled that he is to be the next Speaker, he keeps his beard closely trimmed and has brought it to a point in the French fashion. That's the only change in his appearance that the prospective Speakership honors have made upon him, so older members tell me. He moves about with rather a mincing step and, as a man said the other day who met him at a White House dinner, all that Cannon required to suggest a French marquis was a rapier and a cocked hat.

Cannon began life as a struggling attorney in Southern Illinois. Richardson, of Tennessee, told me how he came to win his first office and his wife the same day. Joe was a modest Quaker lad who said "thee" and "thou" and dressed in sober Quaker garb during the day, but many a night after the old folks went to bed he put on a suit of store clothes that he kept carefully hidden from the eyes of his watchful parents, who were resolutely set against the vanities of this world, and hied himself to the little village of Danville to trip a very un-Quakerlike measure. Young Cannon danced so well that the village belles felt themselves honored when they received an invitation from him. At one of these dances he met Mary Reed, a handsome Ohio school-teacher who was visiting her brother.

Joe made a dead set for Mary, only to find that his fancy scrapings and his most artistic pigeonwings were unsuccessful in making the heart of that proud belle capitulate. Mary returned to Ohio at the end of her vacation, and Joe resolved that he would capture her some way or other. He studied law and the next time Mary came to Danville Joe was the rival candidate for justice of the peace against Mary's brother. Joe was now in a quandary. He wanted Mary worse than ever, but there was open war between him and her brother, and he was tactician enough to see, and thought he knew enough of a woman's heart to feel sure, that if he defeated her brother his chances for winning the girl were gone, as Mary was taking an active part in her brother's campaign; while, on the other hand, if he was defeated the girl would have no use for a man who was a failure.

So the campaign was waged furiously, but somehow or other Joe got it into his head that although Mary was backing her brother, secretly she wanted Joe to win, and for half the night he sat up and pondered over this momentous question: "If I win the brother won't let me have the girl, and if I lose she won't have me." After turning the problem over in his mind he finally said to himself: "Reed is mad at me anyway; I'll win the election and get the girl, so I'll be two ahead, and after I am married I'll get the brother, too, because he can't stay mad at his sister's husband." The thing worked out just as he anticipated. He was elected justice. He married Mary Reed and in a short time he and his brother-in-law were on the best of terms.

"Uncle Joe" told us that one day during his first term Senator Frye, of Maine, now the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, who at that time was a member of the House, came to him and said: "Cannon, I know what you are thinking about."

"If you are a mind reader," said Cannon, "go ahead and tell me what it is."

"You are thinking," Frye replied, "whether you will write out your resignation now or wait until to-morrow morning."

"You guessed right the very first time," was Cannon's answer, and then he went on to say that he had the same feeling about being in Congress that he imagines every other new member has. It all seemed like such an utter waste of time and as if it were impossible for a new man to make any headway. He looked around and he saw the older men making the speeches and being on the committees and running the House, while the younger men had nothing to do and were never given an opportunity to say anything, and were having generally a rather hard time of it. But Cannon said he came to the conclusion that his time would come some time or other, and so he just stuck to it, and here he is to-day, after twenty-eight years, the next Speaker of the House. He advised us kids not to be disheartened, but simply to dig away and make up our minds some time or other to win the Speakership.